

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

No. 262.—VOL. X.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1879.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6^d.



LADY CELEBRITIES OF THE HUNTING FIELD.—No. 2. THE VISCOUNTESS PARKER.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Management of Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.
Every Evening at 7.30, the New Grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled JACK AND THE BEANSTALK; or, Harlequin and the Seven Champions as We've Christened 'em. Principal Artists: Miss Fannie Leslie, Miss Clara Jecks, Miss Katie Barry, and Miss Lizzie Coote, Mr. G. H. Macdormott, Mr. E. J. George, Mr. G. Vokes, Master C. Lauri, Mr. Tully Lewis, and Mr. Herbert Campbell; Mdlle. Limido, première danseuse supported by Mdlle. Sidonie; Clown, Mr. Harry Payne. Doors open at 6.30. At 7, SARAH'S YOUNG MAN.

MORNING PERFORMANCE Every Wednesday, and Saturday, commencing each day at 2 o'clock. Doors open at 1.30. Children under twelve admitted to Morning Performances at Half-price to all parts of the house on payment at the doors only. The only authorised Box-office under the portico open daily from 10.0 till 5.0, under the direction of Mr. E. Hall. Prices of admission:—Private Boxes from £4 4s. to 10s. 6d.; Stalls, 7s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 4s.; Amphitheatre Stalls (Reserved), 3s.; Unreserved, 2s.; Pit, 2s. (for the first time at this theatre); and Gallery, 1s.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.
Last Three Weeks of the Pantomime.
Every evening at 7.30, will be performed the Drury Lane Grand Comic Christmas Annual, by E. L. Blanchard, entitled CINDERELLA; or, HARLEQUIN AND THE FAIRY SLIPPER. The new and characteristic scenery by William Beverley. Characters in the opening by the celebrated Vokes Family, &c.; première danseuse, Mdlle. Marie Gosselin. New song, "Cinderella," composed by Julia Woolfe. Double Harlequinade Fred Evans and Charles Lauri, Clowns. Madame Helena's Performing Dogs. Edwin Ball's Combination Bicycle Troupe, Performing Pigeons and Monkeys. Preceded at 7 by an original Farce, by H. Saville Clarke, A TALE OF A TELEPHONE. Mr. Edward Stirling, Stage Manager; Mr. James Guiver, Treasurer. Doors open at 6.30, commence at 7. Box office open from ten till five daily. Prices 6d. to £5 5s.
"CINDERELLA" MORNING PERFORMANCES every Wednesday and Saturday, to which Children and Schools Half-price to all parts, Upper Gallery excepted. Doors open at 1.30, commence at 2. Box-office open 10 to 5 daily.—THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

THE CRISIS (60th time), a new comedy in 4 acts, adapted by James Alberty from Augier's LES FOURCHAMBAULT, the greatest success of the past Paris season. Characters by Mrs. John Wood, Misses Eastlake, M. Abington, and Miss Louise Moodie. Messrs. Howe, Kelly, D. Fisher, jun.; Weathersby, Fielder, and W. Terriss. Every evening at 8.30, and every Saturday morning at 2.30. The comedy preceded every evening by a farce by Percy Fitzgerald, Esq., entitled THE HENWITCHERS. No free list.

LYCEUM.—MR. HENRY IRVING, Sole

Lessee and Manager.—Every Evening, at Half-past Seven, Shakespeare's Tragedy of HAMLET. Mr. Irving, Messrs. Forrester, Everill, R. Cooper, Swinbourne, Elwood, Pinner, K. Bellew, Gibson, Tapping, Robinson, Cartwright, Collett, Harwood, Beaumont, Eberard, Johnson, A. Andrews, Mead, Miss Pouncefort, Miss Sedley, and Miss Ellen Terry. Stage Manager, Mr. H. J. Loveday. Acting Manager, Mr. Bram Stoker. Box-office open 10 to 5. Carriages at 11.

FOLLY THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.
Immense success of the new burlesque, CARMEN. Miss Lydia Thompson and a most powerful company. On Saturday, 25th of January, and every evening until further notice, at 7.15, the successful comedy drama of RETIRING, by H. W. Williamson. Mr. Lionel Brough and company. To be followed at 9 o'clock with an entirely new burlesque by R. Reece, entitled CARMEN, OR SOLD FOR A SONG.

Supported by Miss Lydia Thompson, Messrs. Lionel Brough, John Howson, George Giddens, Miss Adelaide Praeger (her first appearance), and a powerful Company. New Scenery by Ryan, produced under the direction of H. B. Farnie. Music arranged by Mr. M. Connelly.—Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

CRITERION THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.
The production of the new comedy, TRUTH, is postponed from the 1st, to Saturday, February 8th. Seats already booked will be transferred to that date, or the money returned on application at the box-office up to the 4th February.
On Saturday, February 8th, production of the new comedy, TRUTH, by Bronson Howard, in which Mr. Charles Wyndham will appear, supported by Messrs. H. Standing, Carton, and W. J. Hill; Mesdames Fanny Josephs, E. Vining, Egan, Lee, R. Norwood, Mary Rorke, and Mrs. Stephens. Preceded by a Farce. New scenery by Ryan. Musical Director, Mr. E. Solomon. Box-office open from 10 till 5. No booking fees. Seats can now be secured.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—Sole

Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.
First Nights of Byron's new farcical piece UNCLE, at 7.30. Preceded by Operetta, and followed at 9.30 by the successful Burlesque, YOUNG FRA DIAVOLO. Open 6.30. Begin 6.45. Close about 11. Prices from 6d. No Fees. Saturday Afternoon, Feb. 8, Miss Jennie Lee and Company in JO.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE. — 1,301st

Night of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, ONCE AGAIN; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron (1,301st and following nights). Concluding with A HIGHLAND FLING. Supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, J. P. Bernard, Garthorne, Naylor, Bradbury, Austin, and Hargreaves; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Holme, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.
Genuine success of Charles Reade's IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. Every Evening at 7.45. Free list suspended. Preceded by FAMILY JARS, at 7.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.

Mr. HARE, Lessee and Manager.
Every Evening, at 7.45, A SCRAP OF PAPER. Principal characters by Mrs. W. H. Kendal, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss C. Grahame, Miss Cowie; Mr. W. H. Kendal, Mr. T. N. Wenman, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. R. Cathcart, Mr. W. Younge, Mr. Chevalier. At 10.15, A QUIET RUBBER. Mr. Hare, Mr. T. N. Wenman, Mr. Herbert; Miss M. Cathcart. Doors open at 7.15. Acting-Manager, Mr. Huy.
SATURDAY MORNING, Feb. 15, first representation of the LADIES' BATTLE.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate.
The Grand Pantomime, ROBIN HOOD; or, HARLEQUIN THE MERRIE MEN OF SHERWOOD FOREST. Every evening at 7. Superb Spectacle, the Conquest of Cyprus by Richard 1st. MORNING PERFORMANCES, every Monday and Thursday, at 1. Children under 10 Half-price. No fees for booking. In active preparation, the Adelphi drama, PROOF.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—

LA POULE AUX ŒUFS D'OR.—EVERY EVENING Mesdames Emily Soldene, C. Vesey, and Constance Loseby; Messrs. Knight Aston, A. Cook, L. Kelleher, C. Power, Mat Robson, and E. Righton. The Giarads, M. Bruet and Mdlle. Reviere, the celebrated Hutto Duettists. Three Grand Ballets. Prices from 6d. to £2 12s. 6d. Commence at 7.30.—Manager, Mr. Charles Morton.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. Swanborough. Production of a new Farce Comedy in Three Acts, by Sydney Grundy, entitled THE SNOWBALL. Immense success of THE BABY. On MONDAY, Feb. 3rd, and every evening at 7, commence with ON AND OFF. After which, at 7.30, will be produced a new Comedy by Sydney Grundy, entitled THE SNOWBALL. Messrs. Cox, W. H. Vernon, &c. Mesdames Lottie Venne, G. Williams, and Ada Swanborough. To conclude with THE BABY. Music by John Fitzgerald, scenery by H. P. Hall; the burlesque produced under the direction of Mrs. Swanborough and W. H. Vernon. Doors open at half-past six. Box-office hours from Eleven to Five. No charge for booking.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole Pro-

prietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening at 6.45, will be presented the Grand and Successful Pantomime, THE MAGIC MULE; OR, THE ASS'S SKIN AND THE PRINCESS TO WIN. Mrs. S. Lane, Mdlles. Polly Randall, Summers, Luna, Ada Sidney, Rayner, Newham, Pettifer; Messrs. Fred Foster, Bigwood, Lewis, Ricketts, Wilson, Reeve, Hyde, Tom Lovell. Concluding with A LEGEND OF WEHRENDORF. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Rhyods, Drayton, Towers; Mdlles. Bellair, Adams, Brewer.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—

Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—Every Evening at 7 the new Pantomime, HOKEE POKEE, by G. Conquest and H. Spry. Splendid scenery by Mr. Soames and assistants. Music by Mr. Oscar H. Barrett. Characters by Mr. G. Conquest and Son, H. Parker, H. Nicholls, Syms, Vincent, &c.; Mesdames Maude Stafford, Du Maurier, Victor, A. and L. Conquest, Inch, &c. Harlequinade by R. Inch, Clown; E. Vincent, Pantaloon; W. Osmond, Harlequin; Miss Osmond, Columbine; Sprites, the Bros. Monti. Last Morning Performance Monday, Feb. 3rd, at 1.30.

THE CANTERBURY THEATRE OF

VARIETIES.
TRAFALGAR.

The Victory at Sea. Moorish Dagger Ballet at Gibraltar. The West Indies. Jack ashore at Portsmouth. Songs and Hornpipes. Nelson's Departure from England. Castanet Ballet at Cadiz. On Board the Victory. Musket Drill. Cutlass Drill. Shortening Sail. Beating to Quarters. The Battle. The Death of Nelson.

The Daily Telegraph says:—"Arranged in a manner well calculated to invite an expression of patriotic sympathies and evoke enthusiastic plaudits."

The Observer says:—"Surpasses anything of the kind ever attempted."

VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT during the Evening:
Miss Nelly Power, Mr. Arthur Lloyd, Mr. Fred Wilson, the Kiralfys, &c.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—WEEK ENDING

FEBRUARY 8th, 1879.
Monday, February 3rd, Pantomime, ROBINSON CRUSOE. Hanlon to Volas. Mr. Evanion's Illusions.
Friday, February 7th, Pantomime, ROBINSON CRUSOE. Hanlon to Volas.
Saturday, February 8th—Saturday Concerts recommence. Madame Patey, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Miss Janotha, Mr. Evanion's Illusions, Hanlon Volas.
Monday to Friday, admission to Palace, One Shilling Daily. Saturday Half a-Crown, or by Season Ticket.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—LAST DAYS of

the GRAND PANTOMIME, DICK WHITTINGTON. MONDAY to SATURDAY NEXT, LAST DAYS of the GIKARDS and of PONGO, and the other Startling features of the Pantomime. GREAT EXHIBITION of BIRDS Monday to Friday next. No extra charge to B rd Show or Pantomime. All 1s. days.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—BIRD SHOW.—

Open daily. No extra charge. Canaries and Migratory British and Foreign Singing and Talking Birds. Pantomime daily at 3. No extra charge to theatre. Show open from Feb. 1 to Feb. 7. Held in the beautiful Tropical Department.

GREAT AND SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS.

ROYAL AQUARIUM,

WESTMINSTER.
The Royal Aquarium, for variety, novelty, and excellence of its entertainments, surpasses all rival establishments.

Open at 11. Admission One Shilling.
11 till 1 o'clock and throughout the day, the Royal Punch and Judy, Cosmorama Views, the Performing Eleas, the Aquarium (finest in the world); The Articulating Telephone and Microphone; Barnard's Puppets.

MANATEE, the Mermaid, now on view, admission 6d.
3.15. Special Variety Entertainment in Great Hall.
5.30. Zazel the marvellous.
6.0. Toby, the seal, will go through his performance in the great seal tank.

7.30. Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert. Vocalists—Mdme. Goodman Russell and Mr. Templar.
8.0. Second Great Variety Entertainment in the Hall.
10.30. Zazel's second performance.

Afternoon Theatre, Royal Aquarium, on Saturday, Feb. 15, and every afternoon Goldsmith's comedy, SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—Now

on View, a fine PORPOISE. The only living specimen in captivity. Sea Lions, with young one. Alligators and Crocodiles in their new cavern. Living Birds, and by far the largest collection of fishes in the world. New Terrace Garden and Promenade, the most elegant in the Kingdom.—G. REEVES SMITH, General Manager

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor,

Mr. W. G. Cousins.—EIGHT CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL; THURSDAY EVENINGS, Feb. 6, 20, March 6, 20; Wednesday Evenings, April 30, May 21, June 17, July 2; at eight o'clock. Subscription—Stalls or front row of balcony, £3 3s.; reserved balcony, £2 2s.; unreserved balcony, £1 1s. 6d.—Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 84, New Bond-street, W.; usual Age ts; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHI-

THEATRE.—Look at the extraordinary Programme.—The complete and most successful Pantomime, CINDERELLA. The Great Spectacle, RICHARD III., realising the Battle of Bosworth Field, and Death of White Surrey. The noble steed is slain beneath his Royal Master, and the King on foot will fight—The Battle rages—The King is slain, and Richmond Crowned upon the Battle-field. Grand tableau. Neither in England, the Continent, or America can the same high perfection of horse-training and brilliancy of spectacle be found. Change of programme in the Equestrian Department. In addition to numerous other artists, Miss Sanger, the subduer and trainer of unmanageable horses, the finest equestrienne in the profession, will make her appearance with the celebrated horse Highland Chieftain, trained and introduced by this renowned lady. Look at the programme, commencing punctually at two, terminating at 5.15; evening at 7, terminating at 10.40. No intervals. Little Sandy, the Great Clown, will make those laugh who never laughed before. The entire programme will be given as advertised. No false announcements. Box-office open ten till four. Places may also be secured at the principal libraries. Prices from 6d. to £5 5s. Children under ten half-price to all parts excepting amphitheatre, pit, and gallery.

MYERS' HIPPODROME, AGRICULTURAL HALL.—Largest Company on earth. 200 Horses,

50 Ponies, Troupe of Elephants, Den of Performing Lions, Camels, and Dromedaries. TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 7.30.

MYERS' GREAT AMERICAN CIRCUS

and HIPPODROME, AGRICULTURAL HALL.—500 artists. Derby and St. Leger races by lady riders. Steeplechases and hurdle races. Cooper's trained elephants and lions. All star artists. 12 clowns. Hall decorated by Legg of Birmingham. Harness fittings by Marshall and Hatch. No draughts. Hall thoroughly warmed. Special arrangements for schools. Children under 10 half-price. Open twice daily. Every morning at 2.30, and every evening at 7.30. Tickets of all London agents, and at Box-office, Agricultural Hall. Admission 3s., 2s., 1s.

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HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT.

Pronounced by all the leading daily and weekly Papers to be THE BEST AND MOST DELIGHTFUL to be found amidst the whole round of London Amusements.

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, at 3 and 8.
Prices of admission, 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. No Fees.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTER-

TAINMENT. St George's Hall, Langham-place.—A TREMENDOUS MYSTERY, by F. C. Burnand. Concluding with A TRIP TO CAIRO, by Corney Grain. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8. Morning Performances, Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s.

HAMILTON'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE,

HOLBORN.
The successful Holiday Programme will be continued nightly at 8, Mondays and Saturdays at 3 and 8. Hamilton's EXCURSIONS and GRAND PANSTEREORAMA of Passing Events, with superb and realistic scenes in Cyprus, England's Ironclad Fleet, the Victorious March of the British Troops through the Kyber Pass, Grand National and Patriotic Music by an efficient band. The last two performances of the Jubilee Singers to-day (Saturday). The three-legged Nondescript. The O.I.C.M. Minstrels, the Afghan Warriors, and the Niggers Nick Pick. 6d. to 2s. Stalls, 3s.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GAR-

DENS, Regent's-park, are Open Daily (except Sundays), from 9 a.m. to sunset. Admission, 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; Children always 6d.

EVANS'S,

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Glees, Choruses, Madrigals and Part Songs by EVANS'S CHOIR
Conducted by Mr. F. JONGHMANS.

The body of the Hall is reserved exclusively for Gentlemen.

SUPPERS AFTER THE THEATRES.

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Proprietor J. B. AMOR.

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Next week's issue of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain, amongst other high-class engravings, two pages of sketches from Myers' Great Hippodrome at Islington, by J. Sturgess—Sport in the London Suburbs, by Matt Stretch—Scene from the "Carmen" burlesque at the Folly Theatre, by D. H. Friston—The Last of the Queen's Theatre, Sketches of its Demolition—Our Captious Critic at the Lyceum—London Theatrical Managers. No. 1. Mr. Bancroft—Miss Terry—Pencilings from the Plays—Grayling Fishing—The Founder of Dulwich College, &c.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN'S Annual Tour

of England, Scotland and Ireland. HER MAJESTY'S OPERA HOUSE, ABERDEEN, JANUARY 27th, for TWO WEEKS. All the principal cities of the Empire to follow. All dates filled to end of Tour.—Business Manager, T. S. AMORY.

THE LATE MR. PHELPS, as "DR.

CANTWELL" drawn from life by Matt. Stretch. A few proof copies on plate paper may be had, price One Shilling each, by post 1s. 1d. Apply to the Publisher, 148, Strand, London

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TRINACRIA

in Boston, U.S.A., some time ago, a gentleman read a paper containing many charges against supporters of many trades, including cows—which certainly support the milk trade in conjunction with the local water-rates, the chalk merchants, &c.—and it was asserted, with convincing proofs to back the affirmation, that these creatures were accustomed to feed upon certain medicated compounds, which produced a flow of milk, copious indeed, but of an extremely unwholesome quality. The cows are said to eat this food greedily. If they were the moral creatures we were taught to believe they would refuse it with disgust.

So it appears that we are to return to antique costumes, and that our wives and sisters are to don the classic "chiton." This is discussed in the *Standard* as a new idea, to which I take exception, having myself advocated the return to purer, simpler, and more beautiful style of dress some years ago. I think it was in 1873 that, fascinated by a picture from Mr. Albert Moore's subtle brush, I wrote some verses in *Temple Bar*—

Your forms are sweetly shaped,
And delicately draped—
Why does Fate,
Stealing all we most admire,
Put classical attire
Out of date?
If Dame Fashion were displaced,
And instead a purer taste
Reigned to-day,
Sense would soon your style receive,
And to little donkey's leave
Paniers.

Thus the rhymes began, and little donkeys were soon afterwards the only bearers of "paniers," as they had been before the hideous bunch in the small of the back was adopted by young ladies. But while there is a demand on one side for the "chiton," whispers are faintly heard to the effect that crinoline is to come into fashion again. Let us earnestly hope that we have done with that barbarism once and for ever.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Leonard Courtney's speech was delivered some time ago, I so cordially agree with the criticisms upon it in a contemporary, that I cannot refrain from quoting an article dealing with the subject:—"Mr. Leonard Courtney, the Radical-Bloomer representative of Liskeard, having for the moment ceased to correct Lord Napier of Magdala's notions as to the art of war, has been good enough to return to the subject of women's suffrage, and to explain concisely what it is that he and his friends desire. They want no 'distinction of male or female, of man and wife, of brother and sister, no question of man or woman; it is as a human being, a member of society, that they conceive of each.' 'There should be no distinction between human beings, based on the distinction of sex.' In fact, there is to be 'no question of sex in the composition of society.' The effete distinctions of he and she are to be done away with for ever. 'Husband and wife,' 'mother and daughter,' and such like worn-out terms, are simply to be dismissed at once. Marriages, we assume, will cease to be; though if persons who, in the present dark and ignorant condition of society are regarded as of different sexes think it will pay them to live together, they can register deeds of partnership to that effect. Of course, the deeds will not limit the social trading concern to a couple of members. There being no distinction of sex, there can be no reason why one man (so called) should not be the partner of half-a-dozen 'women,' or one woman of half-a-dozen men. All such absolute nonsense as Tennyson talks about loving one maiden only, cleaving to her, and worshipping her for years by noble deeds will be effaced—when Mr. Courtney's millennium comes—though it has been supposed that even in this practical age the old Arthurian ordnance prevailed with the happiest results for society. Of course, too, the chivalrous deference to women will die out when, if you hail a cab, you do not know whether the 'cabman' is a man or a woman."

ONE difficulty in the new departure, which Mr. Courtney probably had not thought of, the writer of the article takes into consideration. It would, of course, be extremely desirable that a casual observer should not be able to say to which of the obsolete sexes a human being would in the dark ages have been thought to belong. Everybody would naturally wear the same sort of clothes, and cut their hair in somewhat similar fashion. But though Mr. Courtney will not admit the criticism, the writer goes on to say:—"The portion of society which we at present regard as feminine will be at a disadvantage in the matter of beards and moustaches, truly; and the absence of these signs of what was once considered manhood will, it is to be feared, continue to distinguish what were originally different sexes. Perhaps, out of respect for Mr. Courtney, Nature—which, as it is, will be a good deal stretched—will kindly do away with the present distinction, and start a growth of moustache and whiskers on the lips and cheeks of what used to be young ladies." I presume Mr. Courtney talks in this way because he has never been brought into immediate contact with a gentlewoman. Either that, or the supposition that his nature is too coarse and his head too thick-witted to appreciate the refining influences of a gentlewoman when by accident he does meet one, are his only available excuses.

DUST in summer and slippery, filthy snow in winter, are plagues from which we all constantly suffer, and it is pleasant to find, therefore, that there has arisen an inventor prepared to do away with both evils. This beneficent genius, to begin with, stumbled into Chancery, but has happily escaped, clothed and in his right mind, from his legal persecutors. Chlorides of calcium and sodium are the component parts of his secret, and he claims for this mixture that if the roads are watered with it in summer there will be no dust. One watering will have as much effect as nearly half-a-dozen of *aqua pura* (that is, of course, more or less *pura*). In winter—when there is also dust to lay—if the roads be watered before a snow-storm, the snow cannot accumulate, though it try its hardest to

do so. The solution has no sort of evil effect, it is said. It does not harm wheels or horses, and if delicate coloured silks or cloths are soaked in it they are not in the least detrimentally affected. If this only prove true a large fortune and a copious supply of blessings should be the reward of the inventor.

IN common, I am sure, with all lovers of music, I heartily wish Mr. Carl Rosa every possible success in his new campaign. Hamlet had an impression that if every man were used after his deserts very few indeed would escape serious inconvenience, to say the least of it, but if Mr. Rosa had been used after his deserts he would have made much money instead of, as I fear is the case, losing it. English opera—or, to speak by the card, opera in English—has never been played in a more competent and artistic manner all round than by him. The Pyne and Harrison Company it is true had unapproachable stars—Messrs. Sims Reeves, Santley, Foli, George Honey, in one opera, for instance, with Misses Pyne and Sherrington for the female characters. But in the matter of orchestra, chorus, and stage-dressing generally Mr. Rosa has hitherto never been rivalled. Yet well-founded rumour relates that last year at the Adelphi his losses were to be reckoned by thousands. This, Mr. Rosa tells me, is his final attempt to introduce opera in the native tongue, should his season be a failure. He will have heartily and conscientiously done his best—and no man alive better understands his subject. If amateurs will not support him he declines to throw good money after bad. If they go and share the splendid feasts he has prepared, opera in English will be established in the metropolis.

THE men who protest about the streets that they have "Got no work to do" are very often put beyond the necessity of repeating the observation by the action of a constable who, by the aid of the nearest metropolitan magistrate, promptly supplies the deficiency. In many cases this is no doubt just. Lazy loafers make a harvest from the charitable. But on the other hand, there is a terrible amount of destitution abroad. Many industrious men in the building trade are frozen out, and it seems that in a fit of indignation against impostors a metropolitan magistrate last week made what I regard as the mistake of sending hard-working men to prison. Mr. Montagu Williams, with characteristic generosity and kindness, took the trouble to inquire into the history of some men charged for begging. They were begging, as a matter of fact, and were therefore possibly transgressing the law. But they were, as Mr. Montagu Williams ascertained, industrious men, turned out of work by the hard weather. Their friends, though working only three or even less days a week, did their best for their still more unfortunate brethren. This was necessarily not very much, and the wretched men were forced to the degradation of accepting relief from the guardians or begging. In the hope of better days in the immediate future, they reluctantly took to the streets, to try and get a little food and firing for their starving wives and children. The harder impostors are punished the better, but it is sad that poor men who are driven to the last extremity should be sent to prison. Mr. Montagu Williams—who perhaps hardly comes under the head of an idle man of pleasure—could find time and means to inquire into the truth of the story. Are the resources at the disposal of the authorities so limited that they are unable to ascertain the truth of a poor man's sorrowful plea?

THE critics as a rule appear to have received *Rienzi* with much enthusiasm, though I miss the skilful hand in the *Times* that used to make the notices so interesting. Where is J. W. D.? Opinions differ, however, concerning *Rienzi* as they do concerning most other things—and people, too, for the matter of that. An English musician of the first celebrity—of European fame, indeed—does not quite agree with the critics, and summed up his opinion very succinctly indeed the other day. "You've heard *Rienzi*, of course. What do you think of it?" I asked him, and he grunted a singularly expressive descending chord. "What is it like?" I continued. "Verdi, Weber, and Vulgarly," he replied. With a German sound to the "w" to make the sentence properly alliterative this curt condemnation seemed particularly neat.

I SUPPOSE Mrs. Weldon duly gave her second lecture, as advertised, at St. James's Hall, though the papers with wise discretion omitted all reference to the subject. The prices of admission were reduced so far as to give anyone who liked an opportunity of hearing the lecture at a price which exactly represented its just value. Admission was as a matter of fact free. Having heard nothing of this I fervently hoped that Mrs. Weldon had abandoned the attempt to rival Mrs. Giacometti Producers; but it is sad to find that a contemporary, which is usually harmless and amusing, is devoting many columns to an extremely dull autobiography of this tedious lady. As a public vocalist she had some claim to public notice in a public capacity, but stories of Mrs. Weldon's acquaintance with "fat, dirty, greasy" Frenchmen—the adjectives are Mrs. Weldon's—seem to us as uninteresting as they are offensive. Some woman—the wife, I think, of the fat, dirty, greasy man—proposed that she and Mrs. Weldon should go and live in an obscure village in the department Seine Inférieure. I cordially wish that Mrs. Weldon's friend had possessed more seductive powers of persuasion.

SETTING a thief to catch a thief is an old expedient, but setting a fish to catch a turtle is, so far as I am aware, a complete novelty. This method is, however, employed—unless rumour is telling the most disgraceful stories—by the natives of Cuba with perfect success. A species of remora, or bevé, inhabits those waters; it has an oval disk on the top of the head and the adjacent parts of the back, the surface of which is crossed by transverse cartilaginous plates, and on the middle of the under surface are hook-like projections, connected by short bands with the skull and vertebrae, their upper margin being set with fine teeth. By means of this

apparatus, partly suctional, partly prehensile through the hooks, the remora attaches itself to rocks, vessels, floating timber, and the bodies of other fish, using them either as anchorage or labour-saving transit. This seems to imply that the creature is lazy, and the artfulness of the natives in making him work is the more to be commended. The boatmen take several bevé's in a tub, and when the game is near, "slip" the creature off as though it were an aquatic greyhound. The bevé "goes for" the turtle and firmly attaches itself to the amphibian; and as the bevé has a line made of the fibre of palm bark tied to his tail, the turtle has as at once to quit his ocean home for the more circumscribed limits of the soup tureen.

RAPIER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

SIR,—I have observed an extract from your journal relative to setting steel traps for rabbits, birds, &c. It is a subject which has long attracted my earnest attention. I joined the society of which I am now secretary with a view to doing something towards its suppression. I have not been successful, but I have discovered a few persons in this county, each of whom has been making spontaneous efforts in the same direction, and I think if twenty or thirty names could be obtained some result might be obtained. May I ask, therefore, that any of your readers who feel strongly on the question will communicate their names to me?

H. W. BOYD-MACKAY, LL.B.

(Hon. Sec. to the Devonshire Branch, R.S.P.C.A.).

16, Queen-street, Exeter, January 22, 1879.

BEARING REINS.

SIR,—My answer has not only not satisfied X.Y.Z., but he writes that "Veterinary Surgeons say that bearing reins injure horses and they can see injured muscles where others cannot." They are a wide class, being over 2,000 in number, so that he would have been as specific practically if he had said "people say" as Mrs. Brown is wont to argue. I have practised the craft twenty years, and have taught and examined Veterinary Surgeons also, so that I ought to know what *they* say, or at least what their best authors say. Perhaps X.Y.Z. will point out the paragraph in the text book so that I may see it. Certainly Vets. are an unlucky class, but they are even more unlucky than I ever thought them when they can be quoted at large by X.Y.Z. If X.Y.Z. knew as much about physiology as he could pick up in one hour from Foster's Primer, I might take the trouble to tell him to contemplate one muscle working a hundred years without as much appreciable rest as is obtained by the muscles of the neck of the horse borne up by the bearing rein. Will X.Y.Z. do your readers the favour of saying what V. S. has either written or said that bearing reins injure the muscles of the necks of horses.—I am, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE "BEARING REINS."

A PROSPECTUS has been issued by the Mutual Dress Supply Association (Limited), with a share capital of £100,000, divided into 55 shares, and with an issue of 5,000 5s shares, each share carrying by way of bonus one transferable coupon-voucher for goods of the retail value of 5s, or, at the option of applicants, one 5s debenture bond to bearer. The Association have fitted up some extensive premises in Regent-street, W., which will be opened as soon as the necessary alterations are completed.

A NEW Zealand Agricultural Company (Limited) has been incorporated for purchasing, improving, and cultivating agricultural and pastoral property in that colony. The capital to be raised is £1,000,000, in shares of £20 each, with power to issue Mortgage Debentures to the extent only of two-thirds of the amount used in the purchase of property. The Company will be under the guidance of a most influential Board of Directors.

CHILDREN'S IRISH STEW DINNER.—The sight witnessed yesterday, at noon, at the fifth dinner given by the London Cottage Mission, of 14, Finsbury-circus, E.C., at their Mission Hall in Conder-street, Limehouse, to the poor children, will be long remembered. The earnest cry for admission and the great rush were distressing to all engaged in this noble work. Hundreds pressed with plates and spoons in their hands. Hunger was depicted on many faces, and the quick way in which they devoured the "Irish stew" was an additional proof of their sad need. Those who had not been successful in obtaining tickets lingered outside patiently in the cold, waiting with almost despairing hope to be recipients of any that might be left. So heartrending was the scene outside that a second dinner was provided, and even then numbers had to be refused. To carry on this work of charity during the winter months, funds are still needed, and a trifle from each reader would not be missed, but would satisfy the craving hunger of several of these poor children, and would be thankfully received by Miss Napton, 304, Burdett-road, Limehouse, E.; and by Mr. W. Austin, at the office of the Mission, 14, Finsbury-circus, E.C.

THE naval piece, *Trafalgar*, now being played at the Canterbury Theatre of Varieties, is followed by the performance of Zeeo, a pupil of Mr. Wieland, who then made her first appearance there. Her performance includes walking and balancing herself in various positions on a slender wire, followed by a trapeze exercise which is remarkable from the graceful ease and simplicity, which remove all ideas of painful exertion. Zeeo's manner all throughout gives the feeling that she is safe in the knowledge of her power, and it is a straightforward athletic performance, free from artificial sensation.

THE entire receipts at the Lyceum Theatre on Monday, February 4, will be presented by Mr. Irving as a free gift to the veteran comedian, Mr. Chippendale, who will then bid farewell to the profession which his talents have so long adorned. Every member of the company will perform on that evening gratuitously, and we trust that as many of our readers as can will be present.

It is our pleasing duty to chronicle the fact that the vice hitherto alluded to as drunkenness is abolished. Henceforth it will be known no more, for the paper with the largest circulation in the world has been pleased to call it "our inherent disposition to the artificial conviviality that is prompted by alcoholic indulgence." Well, it matters but little by what name we call things. We might just as well have called the old lady who died at Maidstone last week Becky Foolish as by her real name, Becky Wise. One of her stockings was found to contain 500 sovereigns, 23 spade guineas, a quantity of silver, and the deeds of some property at Brompton. The most remarkable feature of the case, however, is that she has died intestate; for as she was sufficiently strong-minded to keep so large an amount in the house during these burglarious times, we certainly should have thought the old lady would have had a will of her own.



SCENE FROM "CASTE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.



ROYAL DEER PADDOCK AT SWINLEY FOREST.

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Although the feeling of the country has run high against the accused, it is but natural that pity should have a place in the hearts of some. This was evidently the case with many of the fairer portion of the audience, such as the "fair sympathiser" in the drawing. Her unconscious attitude of supplication and pity should of itself have some effect upon the susceptible members of the jury. For the admirer of pluck and the "never-give-up" school the next figure has special interest. It is Mr. Lewis Potter. This old gentleman, as we see, has the marks of Time clearly cut on his characteristic features; but, despite his three-score years and ten, even those who might have a feeling against him could not but admire the pluck with which he bore the most trying scenes brought before the court. He is a man of tall stature and a determined will.

Next we have one of the heaviest losers by the fall of the Bank. We then find "the dearest man of the lot," as many called him, Mr. Stewart. His case was singular, being the only one of the accused admitted on bail. The amount was fifteen thousand pounds.

We next see their Lordships weighing the arguments of the opposing council on some knotty point put before them. The Judges' decisions on such points during the trial only proved how well-fitted they were for their exalted position. The scarlet and white robes of their Lordships were the only bit of colour in what in all conscience was a sober scene.

The next and last sketch, at the foot of the page, shows the way to court, at least one way. Edinburgh, as is well known, is built on the steep side of a hill, long ranges of stairways serving in many cases in the place of streets. "Such a getting up stairs I never did see!" might one well exclaim, while viewing the crowds bound for the court.

The Bank is the topic of general conversation with all classes. Instead of going the roundabout carriage-way, I took the "short cut," and while taking breath on the landing of one of the stairs, I overheard two natives eloquent over the magnitude of the disaster. One said, "Man Jims, if they had been coontin' the siller over the counter at the rate o' a poun' an hour since the bank began, forty years since, it wouldna' amount to the sum short; isn't it awful?" Jims: "It's a' that Rubbert, but a could tak' an hour o' their coontin' fine the noo' mysel'."

Edinburgh, January, 1879. W. A. D.

"L' ASSOMMOIR."

THE dramatised version of the sensational novel which is enjoying such astonishing success in Paris (that of Emile Zola now in its fiftieth edition), has attracted such extraordinary attention in this country that we feel sure the page of sketches this week added to our illustrations will be welcomed. The new play is in five acts from each of which we produce one scene, and it has been carefully adapted for the stage by M. William Busnach and the late Octave Gastineau. The story of *L'Assommoir* is not from the English point of view a desirable or an agreeable one. It deals with those repulsive phases of life which it is fashionable to ignore; and puts upon the stage, in the most realistic way, painful sights of every-day life such as we shrink from contemplating on the stage or in a novel, from both of which it is urged we have the right to expect pleasure and amusement rather than pain.

L'Assommoir, however, has, from the manager's view-point, already attained success. Nothing else has been talked of in the theatrical world of Paris since its appearance. The scenery and costumes are faithful to realities, and the most extraordinary pains have been taken to render every detail of the piece perfect. The free list was suspended on the first night, a very unusual thing indeed, but alleged to have been rendered necessary by the overwhelming demand for seats. Gervaise is charmingly and gracefully acted by Hélène Petit. Her spiteful rival, "La Grande Virginie," whose signal dismay at the washhouse is shown in our illustration, is played by Mademoiselle Lina Munte. Lautier, the lady's friend, is played by M. Delessart, formerly one of the company of the Théâtre-Français. M. Gil Naza takes the part of Coupeau, and has evidently given minute and patient study to every detail of it. The fine manly character of Gouget, the smith, "Gueule d'Or," is also admirably sustained by M. Angelo, hitherto better known as a "jeune premier;" and the minor parts are performed in a manner equally satisfactory. The descent of Gervaise and her husband from a position of prosperous respectability to the lowest depths of drunkenness, misery, and degradation, is traced step by step, with all its sickening and repulsive details forcibly emphasized. Everything that can make drunkenness horrible and vice repulsive is put upon the stage with so little regard for decency or usual prejudices, that on the first night, when, as the expression goes, "all Paris" was at the Ambigu, cries of indignation and disgust were heard in several parts of the house.

"THE WANING OF THE HONEYMOON."

Our readers will doubtless remember how popular a picture, under the above name, was in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1878. It was painted by Mr. G. H. Broughton, and we have before us an admirable etching from it of high artistic merit, executed by the accomplished Victor Lhuillier. As a reproduction, it is scrupulously faithful, and as a work of art, it stands in the foremost rank. Finished in all its details with remarkable care and exactness, it realises every quality of the original. M. Lhuillier uses the etching needle with perfect freedom and precision, securing an amount of vigour, clearness, transparency, and delicacy, only to be seen in the very finest specimens of modern work. It has all the force and brilliancy given by the graver's clean-cut lines, with the subtle delicacy and softness of the etcher's work. The varieties of texture and surface with colour and light are most truthfully indicated, and from whatever point of criticism it is examined the work must be pronounced one of singular merit. It is published by Messrs. Deighton and Dunthorpe, who tell us that the proofs, on Japanese paper, will be limited strictly to 50 copies, in contrast to the often preposterous quantity of so-called "artists" and other "proofs," in some instances amounting to thousands of impressions, which are issued from engraved steel plates. As the value of a work of art must in a great measure depend on its comparative rarity, this most important consideration should be borne in mind. The size of the plate is 13 1-8th in. by 8 1/2 in., exclusive of margin.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT, in its vast superiority to gas and all other forms of artificial light, is an apt illustration of the position which GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY maintains in comparison with all other Liqueurs, in its perfection of rich fruity flavour, which is effectively brought out when consumed with hot water. Enquire for it at all Bars, Restaurants, and Wine Stores. Manufacturer, Thomas Grant, Distillery, Maidstone.—[ADVT.]

"GOLDEN STAR" BAY LEAF WATER, Triple Distilled. Delightfully fragrant and refreshing. The most delicious of all the Toilet Waters.—Sold by Chemists and Perfumers. Depot, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[ADVT.]

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES—LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and Inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism.—Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[ADVT.]

WILD SPORTS IN RUSSIA.

ANY decided love of field sports is scarcely a part of the Russian national character. They have a few keen sportsmen among the native nobility, but their tastes have not been formed at home. The Russ, as a rule, cares little for what Englishmen regard as bolder and more manly forms of sport. If he uses the gun he prefers those methods by which he can put his game with the least possible exertion. We have a pack of hounds out here—English, of course, and increased this year by the importation of thirteen additional couples—but the hunt is almost entirely supported by English residents. Foxes abound, and at Legova, ten miles from St. Petersburg, where the hounds are kept, the country is fairly open. But, generally speaking, this part of Russia is not adapted for hunting, the country is too much wooded and broken, and efficient earth-stopping is out of the question.

We are better off as regards shooting. The land is wholly uninclosed, and as a rule covered with woods of fir and birch; but these are in places intersected by bogs, clothed with heather, and abounding in those wild berries in which birds of the grouse family delight. Round the villages, too, are the small fenceless patches on which the peasants cultivate their thin crops of oats, barley, or potatoes; and here may be found the English partridge. Shooting is to be had on easy terms. A little club of my acquaintances rent a district larger than some English counties, which, including a modest establishment at the shooting-box and the salaries of four keepers, only costs them about £30 a head. Among our ground game we have the elk, bear, wolf, lynx, grey hare, and the rousak—a hare of 12 or 14 pounds; and among our birds are the capercailzie, which is as large as a turkey; black cock, ptarmigan, English partridge, rabchik or tree partridge, four species of wild duck, and three of snipe, of which the large double, so rare in England, is so plentiful that I have known seventy fall in one day to a single gun. Of my experiences in pursuit of some of these kinds of game I shall have slight pen-and-ink sketches to give.

WILD SPORTS IN CASSIA.

I.—BAITING FOR BEARS.

In the month of March the bear quits his winter retreat, and his appetite is then so much sharpened by his long fast that nothing comes amiss to him; consequently, at this season it is more easy to attract him to a bait than at other times. It was in the March of last spring that I heard of bears' tracks having been seen near my shooting-quarters, and I at once gave directions that the necessary steps should be taken for securing him. Travelling in Russia when the winter sledge-roads are newly broken up is far from being agreeable. Much of my trip down from Petersburg had to be made in a *tarantass*, a country cart, the body of which is fixed on two long poles, which by their length and elasticity somewhat break the jolts to which it is exposed. No springs could stand such rough usage. My *tarantass* has to flounder along a canal of slush overlying a rough and still solid substratum of ice and frozen snow, and for some versts the way lies through a swampy wood in which horse and cart would alike sink were it not that small birch trees have been laid side by side across the road.

Thoroughly shaken, I reach the shooting box, and learn that during the preceding night Bruin has thought proper to taste the banquet prepared for him. Towards dusk I proceed to the scene of action accompanied by two keepers. The spot selected is a small open space in the woods, and here lies the bait, the carcass of a horse, which our guests have already disembowelled. At a small distance from this not, to us, very attractive object, a light s'age has been slung between three trees. This, for the sake of comfort, has been furnished with a truss of straw, and its front, except a small opening through which to keep a look-out, and thrust the gun-barrel, is completely shut in by a screen of fir boughs. To this station myself and one of the keepers climb, whilst the other man returns home, taking care as he does so exactly to retrace our footsteps.

There is reason for his doing so. The bear is far less stupid than he looks; and, in point of fact, is full as wary and sharp-scented as the fox. As he draws near the feeding-place he is sure to smell your footsteps; but as the fresher scent, that of the man who has gone home, leads from and not to the bait, he concludes that all is right, and goes on to his supper in confidence.

As we settle ourselves upon our airy platform we find the evening grows chilly. There is a prospect of frost, and upon this the keeper looks as a bad omen. The bear does not relish a hearty feed on frosty nights. However, this is no time to discuss the question. Absolute stillness will now be necessary, and talking, smoking, or even the blowing of one's nose will be things forbidden during our watch.

As the dusk draws on I observe a rabchik, or tree partridge, drop close to the carrion. It begins to utter its peculiar call, and is shortly joined by its mate. The two whirr away into the shadows of the wood, and I see them no more.

The dusk soon grows into darkness, and it is no longer possible to see such objects as rabchicks. The monotony of our watch is now only broken by the croaking note of the woodcock, summoning its hen, or the peculiar whistling call of the wild ducks as they fly past. The night wears on, but still there is no sign of Bruin. It is a weary watch, I grow stiff with cold and inaction. Great as is my desire to shoot the bear, I am scarcely sorry when, at one o'clock, the keeper declares that there is now no hope, and that we may go home.

The next evening gave promise of a milder night, and the keepers were in better spirits. Again, at twilight, we resumed our silent watch. Again the hours passed slowly away, and brought no sign of the bear. After long peering into the darkness the eye grows uncertain. More than once I had assured myself that I could distinguish a dark form moving towards us, only to find out a few minutes later that it was mere delusion. Midnight must be drawing near, and I fancy that I must have been dropping into a light doze, when the keeper's hand laid upon my arm roused me. Yes, there was no mistake about it this time. Some large dusky object was approaching the carcass with that slouching gait unmistakably belonging to the bear. Now we could hear him snuffing cautiously round it. I discharged my right-hand barrel. A loud growl told that he was hit, but the wound was not mortal, for a moment later I saw him making for the wood. I fired again, with the best aim I could take in the darkness; but when I could again see, the beast was gone. Still, he could not have gone far. We slipped down as quickly as possible, and began cautiously to enter the forest. But our caution was needless. Bruin was lying not ten yards from the clearing, and stone-dead. He furnished a splendid skin, and I was well rewarded for my two nights' watch.

Whilst I am on the subject of bear-shooting I cannot refrain from giving an item from our Emperor's experiences in that direction. The Czar wished to shoot a bear. A bear was accordingly found, a ring of peasants surrounded it, and word of its whereabouts was sent to the imperial sportsman. Unfortunately, whilst these preparations were being made, the creature contrived to slip through the ring and escape. What was to be done? That the Emperor of all the Russias should come and find no game would never do. A happy idea seized one of the foresters. Regardless of cost, a tame bear was procured in the nick of time,

turned loose within the ring, and now all was ready. The circle closed in; Bruin was discovered at the foot of a tree; the attendants fell back; the Emperor advanced to fire; but now came the climax: just as the trigger was about to be drawn, Bruin rose slowly on his hind feet, and began to perform the national dance! This exhibition saved his life, but it did the reverse of securing for those who introduced him to the presence that royal favour which their ingenuity deserved.

THE AMATEURS.

Amateurs are requested to send early notice of any performance they desire announced or reviewed—in the latter case enclosing a programme and two tickets. Advertisements must be forwarded to the Publisher by first post on Thursday mornings to insure insertion in the current week's issue.

ON Saturday last a very enjoyable performance was given at St. George's Hall by the Philothespian Club, in aid of the funds of the Metropolitan Free Hospital, under the immediate patronage of the Lord Mayor. The programme consisted of Mr. Gilbert's comedy, *On Guard*, and the well-known *Trial by Jury*. In the first-named piece Mr. Henry Stache, as the African traveller, Denis Graunt, although at times inclined to be melodramatic, gave a very intelligent reading of the part, but we failed to see why the "noble savage" should be made to speak with a strong provincial accent. Mr. Phillips' impersonation of the kind-hearted, but imbecile young officer, Baby Boodle, was a remarkably good piece of character-acting and free from exaggeration. Mr. Conrad J. Davis as the attorney Grouse played carefully, but was hardly funny enough. Mr. Charles Myers as Kavanagh, and Mr. W. L. Hallward as Guy Warrington, were satisfactory, while Mr. Purkis made the most of the small part of Druce. Of Miss Lucy Williams as Jessie we cannot speak too highly. She looked charming and played in a manner which would have been creditable to a professional actress. Miss Grace Arden, as the young widow, Mrs. Fitzosborne, also looked her part to perfection, and was both lively and fascinating. She was particularly good in her scenes with Kavanagh. In the *Trial by Jury* the principal parts were taken by Messrs. Davis, Moore, and Ellis, who acquitted themselves satisfactorily, the fair Plaintiff being Miss Alice Percival. The whole piece showed signs of having been very carefully rehearsed, and reflected the greatest credit on the conductor, Mr. Edward Solomon, the choruses being really admirable. On the whole, the Philothespian may congratulate themselves on having added another to their list of highly successful performances, and we may hope the charity will derive substantial benefit, as the hall was well filled. It was announced that the performance will be repeated at the Town Hall, Shoreditch, on Monday, February 3, in aid of the same hospital. JACQUES.

VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT.—The nineteenth annual performance of the Ventnor Amusement Club took place on the evenings of the 28th and 29th inst., at the new hall, a building which is in every way worthy of the town. The entertainments began with Messrs. Savile Clarke and Du Terreau's comedy, *Love Wins*. This excellent play has on more than one occasion had praise in the columns of this journal after being acted at several London theatres. On this occasion the amateurs received the very able assistance of some well known professional ladies. The cast was as follows:—

Reginald Dalton, Esq.	Mr. James Judd.
Arthur Dalton (his son)	Captain Aymer H. Dove.
The Hon. Tom Leverton	Major Newall R.A.
Professor Lobelia	Mr. Albert Judd.
Garcia (a Picture Dealer)	Mr. George H. Judd.
Netta (the Professor's Daughter, adopted by Mr. K. Dalton)	Miss Elsie Carew (of Mrs. Chippendale's Comedy Company).
Mrs. Hurst (a Schoolmistress of Pallas House)	Miss Harvey (from the Royal Strand Theatre).
Dolly (her Daughter)	Miss Caroline Hill (Theatre Royal, Haymarket).

A most enjoyable performance was given. Mr. James Judd acted very ably a difficult part, and gave his points with earnestness and good effect. Major Newall, comparatively an old stager, was perfectly at his ease and particularly well suited to the part of Tom Leverton. He should certainly add this part to his already extensive list, as he plays it with a thorough appreciation of the author's meaning. Captain Dove was capital, and with a little more stage experience will do much better still. Mr. Albert Judd was in his element in the part of the Professor, whether as the drunken "orphan father" of Netta, or as the reformed man and "total abjurer." His make-up was perfect, and with his keen appreciation of humour it would be difficult to find a better amateur actor for such parts. Garcia, the picture dealer, was well played by Mr. G. H. Judd. Of Miss Hill, as Dolly, we cannot speak too highly; whenever she was on the stage it was all sunshine, and the Hon. Tom Leverton was a man to be envied in having such a lady to fall in love with. Miss Elsie Carew (late of Mrs. Chippendale's company) played Netta in a quiet, ladylike manner, which quite charmed the audience; and Miss Harvey was as dignified as need be as the Schoolmistress. Mr. Walter Clifford sang Signor Ferri's new song, "From thy lattice," which was encored on each occasion. The performances concluded with the farce of *Fitzmythe of Fitzmythe Hall*, with Mr. Albert Judd as Fitzmythe, and Mr. W. Judd as Gregory, who kept the audience in a roar of laughter till a late hour. The proscenium, act drop, and new scenery were designed and painted for the club by Mr. W. Phillips, of the Prince of Wales's and Court Theatres, and are very effective. The musical arrangements were under the direction of Mr. Lemare. To the secretary and manager, Mr. William Judd, the club in particular, and the town of Ventnor in general, owe a debt of gratitude for the untiring energy he always displays on their behalf. A very numerous and fashionable audience honoured the performances on both nights.

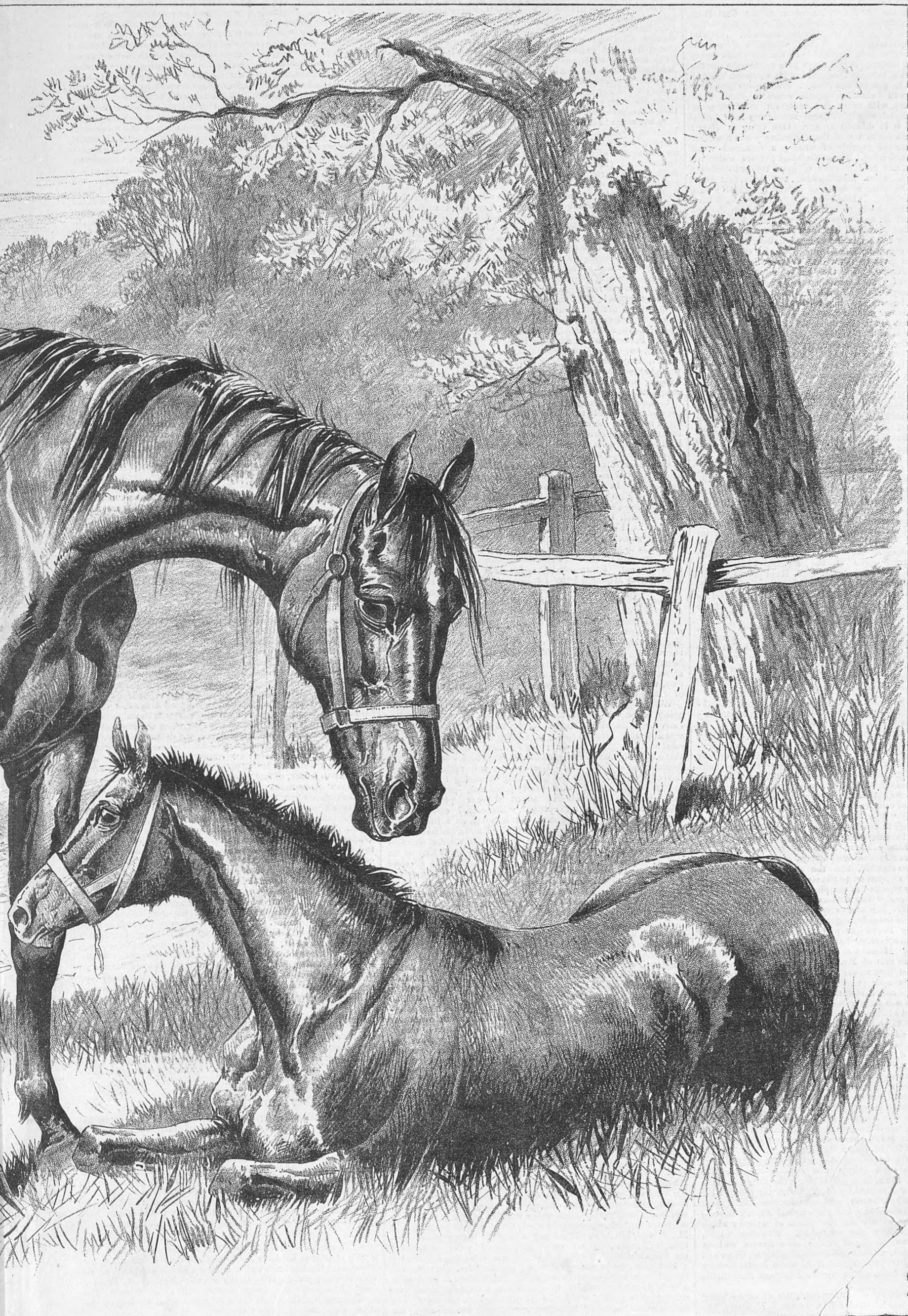
[Several Notices of Amateur Performances are unavoidably postponed.]

SOZODONT.—The peerless liquid Dentifrice; its use imparts the most fragrant breath; it beautifies, cleanses, and preserves the teeth in a surprising manner. It gives a delightfully fresh taste and feeling to the mouth, removing all Tartar and Scurf from the Teeth, completely arresting the progress of decay, and whitening such parts as have already become black by decay or neglect. Impure breath caused by Bad Teeth, Tobacco, Spirits, or catarrh is neutralised by Sozodont. The price of the Fragrant Sozodont is 3s. 6d., put up in large bottles, fitted with patent sprinklers for applying the liquid to the tooth-brush. Each bottle is enclosed in a handsome toilet box. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, and by JOHN M. RICHARDS, Great Russell-street, London. Observe the Name SOZODONT on the label, box, and bottle.—[ADVT.]

EAU FIGARO.—The last scientific discovery for restoring faded and grey hair to its original colour. Clever and Harmless, Colourless. To prove that this is "bona-fide," if a hair be sent before purchase of the preparation, stating original colour, the same will be returned completely restored. Prices 5s. and 10s. Full particulars will be sent on application to the French S.W.—ADVT.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. One Lozenge alone gives ease, one or two at bed time ensures rest. For relieving difficulty of breathing they are invaluable. They contain no opium nor any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in boxes, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. each.—[ADVT.]





MUSIC.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

ON Monday last the fourth London season of the Carl Rosa Opera Company commenced, at Her Majesty's Theatre, which was attended by a large and appreciative audience. On this occasion an English adaptation of Herr Wagner's *Rienzi* was produced for the first time in England. It scarcely needs saying that the merits and demerits of this opera have no bearing on the question whether the theories illustrated in its composer's latest works are entitled to general acceptance. *Rienzi*—written forty years ago—belongs to a class of operatic works to which Herr Wagner now refers with scorn and contempt. Whether he might have entertained widely different sentiments had *Rienzi* achieved success, it is difficult to say. One thing is clear: neither in this opera nor in any of his succeeding works has Herr Wagner shown himself capable of writing a sustained vocal melody worth remembering. He writes short phrases, which are melodious enough, and give promise of good things to follow; but the listener is soon disenchanted, and finds that Herr Wagner is unable to write so many as sixteen consecutive bars of original vocal melody. It is not surprising that he should have turned his attention chiefly to orchestration, in which department of the musical art he is at present unrivalled. Yet even in the orchestral writing contained in *Rienzi* there are few traces of real inventive power and originality of combination. Meyerbeer, Halévy, and more especially Hérold, are laid under contribution, and Herr Wagner pays to them that sincerest flattery, which is shown in imitation. In the ballet music—free from the odious tyranny of “the opera singers,” whose vocation he has striven to decry—Herr Wagner has to depend on himself alone. It is here, nevertheless, that he most completely fails, for weaker ballet music has seldom been written. The most successful vocal numbers are the Battle Hymn and *Rienzi's* Prayer, and neither of these merits high praise. The success of the opera depends on the *mise-en-scène*, and this has been arranged at Her Majesty's Theatre on so splendid a scale that *Rienzi*, thus mounted, is likely to become the talk of the town. The plot of the opera so closely follows the incidents of Bulwer's well-known novel that it will be needless to recite it. The chief characters are allotted to Mr. Maas (*Rienzi*), whose fine voice and able acting were warmly appreciated; Madame Vanzini (*Adriano*), who was both vocally and histrionically successful, although affected by fatigue in the last act. Madame Crosmont (*Irene*), Miss Georgina Burns (*the Messenger of Peace*), Mr. Walter Bolton (*Orsini*), Mr. George Olmi (*Colonna*), Mr. Snazelle (*Ceceo*), Mr. Pope (*Raimondo*), Mr. Cadwallader (*Baroncelli*), and Mr. Muller (*the herald*). All the artists concerned exerted themselves zealously and successfully, and special praise is due to the choristers, who sang with the refinement which has long been their special distinction. The choruses could hardly have been better sung by a select body of glee-singers. In the overture, and in the instrumental accompaniments and *intermezzi*, the fine quality of the orchestra was manifested. The sixty performers led by Mr. J. T. Carodus, one of the greatest among living violinists, are evidently capable of doing justice to orchestral works of the highest kind, and it is scarcely needful to see that Mr. Carl Rosa again proved himself to be a masterly and zealous conductor. The scenery, painted by Mr. Hann, and the gorgeous costumes, glittering armour, and brilliant decorations, combine to form one of the grandest spectacles ever seen on the operatic boards. *Rienzi* is confessedly intended to be regarded as a “spectacular” opera, and it has hardly ever been so splendidly placed on the stage as on Monday last. Not only as a magnificent spectacle, but as an early work of a celebrated writer, it claims attention, and Mr. Carl Rosa deserves hearty thanks for producing it. His merits were appreciated by the large audience, who called him before the curtain, and cheered him heartily again and again.

The writer of the English adaptation of *Rienzi* is Mr. J. P. Jackson, author of the English adaptations of Herr Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* and Herr Brüll's *Golden Cross*.

Sir Julius Benedict's popular opera, *The Lily of Killarney*, attracted a large audience, on Tuesday evening, and was well executed. The cast was nearly the same as that of last year. Miss Julia Gaylord repeated her touchingly pathetic impersonation of Eily O'Connor, and Miss Yorke's fine voice and good acting added importance to the part of Mrs. Cregan. Miss Giulia Warwick, as Ann Chute, was ladylike and piquant, and her fresh voice was of value in the concerted music. Mr. Packard, as Hardress, sang “Eily Mavourneen” with his customary success, and sang well in his share of the duet, “The Moon has raised her lamp.” In this piece, a young Irish barytone, Mr. Leslie Crotty, as Danny Mann, made his first appearance in London. The agreeable and sympathetic quality of his voice became at once perceptible, and the *débütant* was heartily applauded when he stepped on to the stage at the conclusion of the duet, which was repeated in compliance with an unanimous demand. In the scene, “The Colleen Bawn,” Mr. Crotty was more severely tasked. It is not every one who can command a range of equally good notes throughout two octaves, and it is not surprising that in the lowest and highest notes of the scene Mr. Crotty was unable to approach the artist (Mr. Santley) for whom the part of Danny Mann was written. The quality of Mr. Crotty's voice recalls that of Mr. Santley, and he bids fair to become a valuable addition to our list of operatic barytones. Mr. Lyall (Myles), Mr. Snazelle (Father Tom), and the other artists engaged in the performance, maintained their reputations, and the success of the opera was largely due to the skill with which Mr. Carl Rosa conducted his army of vocal and instrumental artists.

Piccolino, one of three novelties promised by Mr. Carl Rosa, was produced on Wednesday last. The name of the composer, M. Ernest Guiraud, is little known in this country, but in Paris he is highly esteemed, and holds the high position of Professor of Harmony and Counterpoint at the Conservatoire. His father—Jean Baptiste Guiraud—was an able musician, and gained the Grand Prix de Rome, a distinction subsequently obtained by the son. M. Ernest Guiraud was born June 13 1837, at New Orleans, where, when only fifteen years old, he saw his first opera, *Le Roi David*, produced on the stage. He subsequently entered the Paris Conservatoire, where he gained the Grand Prix de Rome, in 1859. While in Rome, he wrote a one-act opera, *Sylvie*, which was produced at the Opéra Comique, Paris, in 1854. In succeeding years he brought out *En Prison* (1869), *Le Kobold* (1870), *Madame Turpin* (1873), and *Piccolino* (produced at the Opéra Comique, Paris, in April, 1876). The libretto of the opera under notice was written by M. Victorien Sardou and M. Charles Nuitter, to whose literary and constructive skill it does credit. The plot is interesting, and the original French libretto displays the readiness of wit and the graces of style for which MM. Sardou and Nuitter are renowned. *Piccolino* might, indeed, prove attractive if played simply as a drama, without music of any kind; and, without unduly disparaging M. Guiraud's music, it may be said that the success of the opera in this country is more likely to be built on its dramatic interest than on its musical merits.

The opera opens with the Christmas festivities which are being celebrated at the house of Ziegler (Mr. Denbigh Newton), the pastor of a Swiss village. The children are rejoicing, and every-

one is happy save Marthe (Miss Julia Gaylord), an orphan girl, who has been adopted by the pastor. She secretly mourns over her desertion by Frederic Auvray (Mr. Packard), an artist who, while staging a few weeks in the village, had won her affections and sworn to make her his wife. Three travelling artists, Comète (Mr. Charles Lyall), Musaraigne (Mr. Crotty), and Tourteau (Mr. Snazelle), who have lost their way, take shelter at Ziegler's cottage. They know that Frederic had sojourned for a time at the village, and while speaking of him they let fall the fact that he is studying at Rome. After the students have departed, Marthe confesses the truth to Ziegler, who resolves to proceed to Rome in search of Frederic. Marthe, however, determines to make the journey herself, and sets forth amid a shower of snow, while the happy revellers in the inner room are singing around their Christmas-tree.

In the second act we find ourselves at Tivoli, where Frederic has been staying for a week under the roof of a rapacious hotel-keeper, Marcassoni (Mr. Brooklyn), who assists him in carrying on an intrigue with Elena (Miss Georgina Burns), sister of the Duke Strozzi (Mr. Denbigh Newton). Elena enters, and swears fidelity to Frederic. The Duke arrives, and Elena makes her escape under cover of a tablecloth which Marcassoni and his daughter spread out in order to sprinkle salt over some imaginary wine spots. The Duke has no sooner departed than the three students arrive, accompanied by three select female friends, and call loudly for Frederic, but call in vain, until he is drawn from his concealment by a serenade from Musaraigne's MS. opera, *The Maniac Mother-in-Law*. The solo verses are sung with a mock guitar accompaniment for five voices, and the sextet was warmly applauded. The revels of the party are interrupted by the appearance of Marthe, disguised as an Italian image-boy. Frederic fails to recognise her, even while subsequently sketching her likeness! The long duet which here occurs is dramatically but not musically interesting. Much more effective is the succeeding passage, in which Marthe is elected a member of the artistic band, and takes the name of Piccolino. She saves the life of Frederic by interposing between him and Beppo (Mr. Muller), one of the Duke's retainers, who tries to stab the audacious lover of the Duke's sister. Marthe (Piccolino) is but slightly wounded, yet the chorus sing “Ave Maria! gratia plena!” with edifying promptitude, and immediately afterwards sing a choral accompaniment to the lively ballet with which the act concludes.

In the last act Marthe, Frederic, and the three other students are discovered hard at work on their paintings, and Mr. Charles Lyall manifests the versatility of his talents by drawing a life-size caricature of his own face. Marthe, in the song “It was a shepherd maiden,” tells the story of Frederic and herself, but remains unrecognised. Frederic and the three students sally forth with a party of carnival masqueraders, and Marthe, who has intercepted a letter sent to Frederic by Elena, receives that young lady's visit. In a long and (musically) uninteresting duet Marthe appeals to Elena to resign the love of Frederic. Elena is deaf to her entreaties, but hearing the voice of Strozzi she gladly accepts Marthe's aid, and is concealed by the latter in a closet. The Duke tells Frederic—who has quitted the carnival revellers—that he wishes to have a picture painted. He so describes the subject as to make it plain that he knows of Frederic's passion for Elena, and that unless Frederic abandons her she will be sent to a convent. Elena overhears this conversation and escapes, leaving with Marthe a letter for Frederic, to whom she bids an eternal farewell. He is enraged when he finds that Marthe has brought this blow upon him, and orders her to quit him for ever. In despair, she goes to her room, which overhangs the Tiber, resumes her female attire, and throws herself into the river. Brought ashore by two boatmen, she is recognised by Frederic, and that extremely estimable young man—forgetful of the recently lost Elena—professes to feel unbounded affection for Marthe, whom he introduces to his friends as his wife. To guess at her future fate would be a gloomy speculation—it is sufficient that, when the curtain falls, happiness is beaming in the features of “Piccolino.”

We have glanced slightly at the music of the opera, in the foregoing *résumé* of the plot. It will scarcely be worth while to enter into a lengthened analysis of the work. M. Guiraud's score contains some graceful passages, and his orchestra is for the most part bright and piquant; but *Piccolino* contains little in the shape of fresh vocal melody, and exhibits positive weakness in the construction of the finales. The overture will probably be considered by most judges the best thing belonging to the opera, and it was received with hearty applause, partly due to the admirable manner in which it was played. The chief vocal solo, an air entitled “Sorrento,” cleverly sung by Miss Gaylord, was encored, but it possesses little original merit, and is too obviously modelled on “La Mandolinata.” A little song, capably sung by Master Gustave—a vocalist six years of age—was simple and pleasing, and the Beggars' Chorus in Act 2, and the “Ave Maria” in the same act were effective pieces, sung to perfection by the choristers. The opera may improve on further acquaintance, but it appears likely to be chiefly prized for the dramatic interest of the story, although it must be admitted that M. Guiraud has furnished music which in many instances is thoroughly enjoyable.

The artists above named did their work well, especially Miss Gaylord, who acted with true expression and considerable dramatic power, and sang well music which does not lie within the best part of her voice. Miss Giulia Warwick, Miss Mary Duggan, Miss Ella Collins, and Miss Florence Hyde filled minor parts in thoroughly efficient style, and the opera was placed on the stage with great taste and liberality as regards new scenery and costumes. The conductor was Mr. Carl Rosa, which is equivalent to saying that the work was conducted with conscientious fidelity to the text, and with a masterly command over those lights and shades of expression which give life and soul to music.

The Bohemian Girl was announced for Friday, too late for notice this week. *Piccolino* will be repeated this evening, and *Rienzi* on Monday. On Tuesday Mlle. Bianca Monti will make her *débüt* as Marguerite in *Faust*, and on Wednesday *Carmen* will be produced, with Madame Dolaro in the title character.

Madame Goodman Russell, the young contralto who sang very successfully at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts last autumn, fulfils her fifth engagement at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, next week.

NORTH KENSINGTON MUSICAL EVENINGS.—The fourth concert of the third season was held on Saturday last, at Ladbroke Hall, Notting Hill, when a large attendance of subscribers and others were amply rewarded for braving the easterly wind which blew so coldly outside, and made the cosy warmth of the hall doubly welcome. Before noticing the “most excellent music” which was performed, a few words will not be out of place with reference to these enjoyable concerts, founded three years ago by Mr. Henry Hart, and carried out with fresh energy since. Although they are to a great extent appreciated by the residents of the neighbourhood, the musical entertainment provided is of such a high class, yet partaking of such a popular form, that the hall should be crowded on every occasion. The scheme is to provide a sociable musical evening for gentlemen, where the finest part singing of the day can be heard, with occasional solos, and instrumental pieces by first-class artists, with an absence of the restraint which is of necessity enforced in the usual concert-rooms,

and at the same time entire freedom from the vulgarity of the music-hall. The concerts begin in November and end in March, and are given every alternate Saturday at eight o'clock; single tickets are three shillings, and a subscriber's ticket for the whole series, costs £1 1s. Smoking is permitted on every night, except at the concluding concert, when ladies are admitted, and an entertainment of very special excellence is provided. These musical evenings appear to be supported principally by gentlemen residing at a considerable distance from the hall in which they are given, and not so much by the “locals,” a fact which goes far to prove their excellence, but does not say much for the musical taste of North Kensington, the inhabitants of which populous suburb should certainly support such praiseworthy efforts to continue in their midst a most rational and delightful means of passing a winter evening; therefore, during the remainder of the season, these remarks will, we hope, be a seasonable hint, and a reminder for next year to rally round and support Mr. Hart in his undertaking, and so, at any rate, relieve him of not only loss of time—which is money—but also of actual cash. As merely a suggestion for next season, to be taken for what it is worth, it might be well to reduce the price of the single tickets from three to two shillings, and the cost of subscription tickets in still further proportion, and make them transferable. The programme of Saturday last included the following glees, part-songs, &c.:—“This pleasant month of Maie,” “Two Roses,” “By Celia's Arbour,” “Strike the Lyre,” “The Three Chaffers,” and “The Soldier's Chorus” from *Faust*, all most admirably executed by the members of the London Vocal Union, conducted by Mr. Fred. Walker. Vocalsolos were contributed by Mr. Walter Clifford, Mr. Thornton, and Mr. Kempton. Mr. J. B. Jeffery, a talented young pianist, was the accompanist, and performed a pianoforte solo on themes from “L'Elisir d'amore,” by Thalberg, in a most brilliant and finished style, obtaining an enthusiastic encore. The London Vocal Union will appear at each concert, under the able direction of Mr. F. Walker. Messrs. Brinsmead lend a very fine “concert grand.” It may be added that Ladbroke Hall is easily accessible, as it adjoins the Notting-hill Railway Station on the Metropolitan Line.

THE DRAMA.

FOLLY THEATRE.

EVERYTHING considered, Mr. Robert Reece's burlesque of the opera of *Carmen* ought to serve its turn fairly well at the Folly Theatre. Mr. Reece has judiciously followed with dramatic closeness the excellently constructed plot of the original opera by Bizet. Where the parodist has to work for so clever a company as that of the Folly literary value is not indispensable. Let the outlines be sufficiently defined and suggestive, and the comedians and vocalists and dancers will have but slight difficulty in making comic capital out of their respective parts. From a humorous point of view Mr. Lionel Brough's caricature of the conventional operatic tenor is the funniest performance in the piece. Many of us have long wished to see the effeminate curled darling of the lyric stage fairly burlesqued, and we have often seen the attempt made in vain, but Mr. Brough—with that sense of the ludicrous which he possesses so abundantly—has succeeded in make-up, intonation, and gesture in producing a caricature which, while aimed at no particular artist, is generally excellent as a burlesque of a type. His dainty, airy walk, his anxiety with regard to his chest, and those valuable notes which it is his business to produce therefrom, are irresistibly ludicrous. Yet even now we have no doubt but that he will nightly improve upon his first conception. Of Miss Lydia Thompson's *Carmen* we can say no less than that it is as charming a performance as she has ever presented to a London audience in her life. This, as all playgoers know, is saying a great deal. Miss Thompson's rendering of the Spanish dancing-girl is far above burlesque as the public have lately been accustomed to regard this class of performance. What strikes us most in her style is its unique refinement. There is artistic intention in everything she does, whether it be the execution of a graceful dance, the delivery of a piquante song, or the expression of a droll couplet. And though comparisons are odious we cannot help remarking upon the contrast which her acting presents to much of the opera-bouffe vulgarity to which, of late years, the public has been accustomed. Mr. John Howson, as the typical bull-fighter of sunny Spain, gives an exceedingly finished *travesty* of the character. His performance is remarkable for attention to detail. Had it been broader in tone it would have been better appreciated on the first night. Burlesque audiences of the present time are singularly unappreciative of minutiae in an actor's performance. They like to have the fun palpably forced upon them, and seemingly will not exert their powers of artistic perception so far as to anticipate or meet it half way. One of the features of the new Folly piece is the performance upon the zither of Miss Adelaide Praeger, who has been specially engaged. This performance, which is dragged into the piece without any dramatic relevancy, proved, nevertheless, exceedingly attractive to the audience, and was vociferously applauded. The music of *Carmen*; or, *Sold for a Song*, has been arranged by the experienced Mr. Michael Connolly with taste and effect, the original music of the opera of *Carmen* being sometimes introduced most felicitously. The scenery by Mr. Ryan is exceedingly bright and appropriate, and the dresses are what the dresses at Mr. Henderson's theatres invariably are, particularly tasteful. Among the most prominent of the charming young ladies who wear the said dresses may be mentioned Miss Rohan and Miss Edith Blande, the latter of whom, however, would be seen to greater advantage in a more responsible part. Altogether, *Carmen*; or, *Sold for a Song*, ought to prove as successful as any of the preceding Folly burlesques. The stage management is excellent, the music exhilarating, the plot interesting, and above all, Miss Lydia Thompson is supplied with a rôle more suited to her than any in which she has appeared for a long time.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

At this theatre once again the monotony of the programme has been varied by the production of a new comedietta. This time the fresh piece is from the pen of Mr. Ernest Cuthbert, and is entitled *Once Again*. It is rather lame in construction—a fault which is probably due to the absurdity of the plot. Nevertheless the dialogue is smart, and Miss Illington's exertions as the heroine, Mr. Garthorne's as the hero, and Mr. Hargreaves' as the inevitable uncle procured for the piece a successful reception. We have no doubt it will answer its purpose in the Vaudeville programme quite as well as any of the short pieces which have gone before it. *Our Boys* has reached its 1,300th night.

Mr. James Mortimer will open the Royalty on Monday next with a version of Sardou's *La Cagnotte* under the title of *A Gay Deceiver*. He has collected a capital comedy company, at the head of which stands Miss Emily Fowler (Mrs. C. A. Pemberton). Then come Mrs. Leigh Murray, Miss Ellen Meyrick, Miss Lydia Cowell, Mr. A. M. Denison, Mr. Leonard Boyne, Mr. Philip Day, and Mr. John Billington.

Andrew Halliday's version of Charles Dickens's “David Cop-

perfield," which was produced at the Olympic, under the title of *Little Emily*, will be revived shortly, at the Park Theatre. Mr. Charles Collette is specially engaged to play the character of Micawber, a part admirably suited to his mercurial style.

At the Adelphi Theatre the Messrs. Gatti appear to have brought together an *embarras des richesses* in the shape of low comedians and leading ladies. In the new drama, *A Crimson Cross*, by Messrs. Clement Scott and E. Manuel, Miss Lydia Foote and Miss Bella Pateman do not consider the parts offered to them unworthy, and Mr. Pateman has been engaged to fill a special low comedy part, although that excellent actor, Mr. E. J. George, is already on the staff.

Messrs. Paul Merritt and G. F. Rowe's drama, *New Babylon*, will be produced at the Duke's Theatre on the 10th inst. This theatre has latterly, it would seem, arrived at something like a steady prosperity. The new drama, it is said, will present a series of exciting tableaux illustrative of London life in our own high-pressure times. The fast life of our *jeunesse dorée* and its associations will be portrayed in an uncompromising manner. One of the heroines of the piece is Bell Lorimer, described as the "Queen of the demi-monde."

Miss Caroline Hill, Mr. J. A. Arnold, Mr. Charles Glenney, and others are engaged to support *New Babylon*.

Mr. Macklin will play a part in *A Crimson Cross* at the Adelphi. Mr. Ashley, of "pretty souls" celebrity, will also play an important part in it. Mr. Ashley is an old Adelphi favourite.

Mr. J. W. Anson will shortly give a trial performance, at the Duke's Theatre, of a new musical drama, entitled, *Philip and Ethel*, by a new author. It will be strongly cast.

The tour with *The Crisis* will shortly commence under Mr. T. E. Smale's direction.

Mr. F. Everill, so long at the Haymarket, has joined Mr. Irving's company.

Saturday afternoon at the Strand Theatre passed merrily enough with those who visited it to see Poole's travesty of *Hamlet*, introduced as "A Dramatic Curiosity," with Mr. Odell in the leading part, and Bayle Bernard's amusing *His Last Legs*, with Mr. W. H. Vernon as O'Callaghan. The latter displayed a conception of the character brim-full of humour, with just enough caricature to spice it without rendering it unnatural. Mr. Odell gave us a very grotesque and irresistibly funny imitation of Mr. Irving's more prominent mannerisms, provoking frequent bursts of hearty laughter. Miss Lottie Venne was a charmingly comic Ophelia; Mr. Harry Cox as Claudius, the heavy villain of the piece, was extravagantly melodramatic; and Mr. E. Marshall's make-up as the Ghost was received with one universal roar of laughter. Miss Violet Cameron made a delightful Horatio.

Mr. F. Frankfort Moore's new novel will be entitled, "Mate of the Jessica." It is said to contain some exciting scenes, the locale of which are laid in South Australia. Mr. Frankfort Moore is the author of more than one play.

Mr. Charles Bernard, of the Gaiety, Glasgow, and Theatre Royal, Newcastle, has very generously sent a donation sufficient to provide six thousand additional dinners to the destitute children attending the Board and Elementary Schools in Newcastle. Mr. Bernard had previously given the entire gross receipts taken at the first performance of the pantomime to the Unemployed Fund of Newcastle and surrounding district.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF MR. H. SIMS REEVES, (FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

THE concert given at Nice on the 13th inst. by Miss Rosina Isidor, has attracted considerable attention. Miss Isidor was assisted in the vocal portion by Mr. H. Sims Reeves—his first appearance—and Signor Carli, already a great favourite in Italy. The young lady herself left little to be desired, and is too well known to need criticism. She won special applause in Signor Gelli's graceful "Farfalla" waltz, which exhibited her fine shake to great advantage; and in "Ah! non giunge" from *La Sonnambula* her brilliant execution gained an enthusiastic encore. Mr. H. Sims Reeves was received with genuine enthusiasm. His rendering of Beethoven's "Adelaide" at once showed him to be the possessor of a tenor voice of rare purity, sweet in quality, and not wanting in power, though an apparent loss in this last respect may be fairly attributed to the nervousness consequent upon a first appearance. His style is based upon that of his father, and its sweetness and beauty may be judged when it is said that he is an apt pupil. We find here indeed a complete example of hereditary genius. A well-merited encore brought Mr. H. Sims Reeves again to the front with the perennial favourite, "Come into the garden, Maud." He did not seem quite at home here, as his accompanist, a foreigner, missed the meaning of the song; but the high A in finale was delivered with an energy no less admirable than unexpected. Mr. H. Sims Reeves studied first with Mozzocato and subsequently with Lamperti. It is his wish to devote his talent to Italian opera, and should he fulfil the promise of his youth there can be no doubt that he has a career before him.

Signor Carli, an Englishman by birth, also a pupil of Lamperti, won deserved applause in "The Village Blacksmith" and an air from Bellini's opera, *Bianca and Fernando*. His voice is a "basso cantante" of fine quality, and his "mezzo voce" singing is remarkably effective.

The result of a conversation it was our pleasure to hold the other day with Signor Lamperti may be of general interest. Signor Francesco Lamperti is the Porpora of the nineteenth century. For 25 years professor at the "Conservatorio di Musica" in Milan he has trained, among others, such *virtuosi* as Albani, Stolz, Waldmann, Campanini, and Shakespeare. Signor Lamperti spoke highly of several of his pupils, but waxed warm over the merits of a certain Signora Giulia Valda, a dramatic soprano who hails from America, and has already won the hearts of the Boston critics. This young lady made her *debut* last year at Malta, where it is said she met with great success, and is engaged for next season by M. Stakosch the American *impresario*.

In the midst of the numerous new whiskies which appear to spring up like mushrooms, it is pleasant to see an old favourite like Kinahan's L.L. Whisky more than hold its own when brought to close quarters with its competitors. At the Paris Exhibition it carried off the highest award in its class, viz., the Gold Medal, thus confirming the signal success it achieved in the heart of the whisky country when, in 1865, at the Dublin Exhibition, it received a similar award.

HEAL ALL!—For Bruises, Chilblains, Rheumatism, Lumbago, &c., no embrocation equals "Dredge's Heal All." Of all chemists, 1s. 1d. a bottle.—[ADVT.]

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—"After suffering two and a half years from severe Headache and Disordered Stomach, and after trying almost everything without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try your Fruit Salt, and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good, and now I am restored to my usual health; and others that I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years. Yours most truly Robert Humphreys, Post Office, Barrastord. Sold by all Chemists. Price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. Prepared by J. C. Eno's Patent at Eno's Fruit Salt Works, Hatcham, London, S.E.—[ADVT.]

PERFECTION.—MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER is offered to the Public with full confidence in its merits. Testimonials of the most flattering character have been received from every part of the World. Over Forty Years the favourite and never failing Preparation to Restore Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour and Lustrous Beauty, requiring only a few applications to secure new and luxuriant growth. The soft and silky texture of healthy hair follows its use. That most objectionable and destructive element to the hair, called Dandruff, is quickly and permanently removed. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

SOME big scoring took place in the cricket match New South Wales (15) versus Gregory's Australian eleven on November 29, 30 and December 2 last, a brief notice of which I gave at the time. How the loss of a prominent member of a team will affect the result of a contest was once more proved. On the first day Bailey had to retire hurt, and then on the second Spofforth put in an *anger*, and could not come to time. Only 71 resulted from the efforts of our recent visitors in the first innings, but they made a better show in the second, as minus the two players they ran up a total of 251, Horan 57, Murdock 40, Boyle 38, Gregory 25, and A. Bannerman 24, being the principal performers. This, however, could not save their single innings defeat; as the New South Wales men had set them 338 mainly through the fine play of Sheridan 41, Allen 37, Davis and Tindall 32 each, Gregory 39, and Evans 54. After the match a banquet was given to the vanquished, when C. Bannerman was presented with a medal as best batsman, a similar honour being reserved for Spofforth as bowler, he being an absentee.

As the hon. sec., Mr. D. J. Mayson, has complied with my request, and sent me a few notes, I am only too pleased to inform my readers that the Blackheath Harriers, formerly Peckham A.C., with one exception the oldest society in the United Kingdom, had a most enjoyable run over the Lee, Kidbrooke, and Charlton country on Saturday afternoon. At 4.15 W. Rowland, B. H. and G. F. Harris, S.L.H., started from the Green Man Hotel, Blackheath, and a quarter of an hour later on, D. T. Mayson, H. D. Thomas, W. M. Colson, F. W. Firminger, H. Stafford, and F. L. Firminger, members of the club; A. J. Fowden, S.L.H., H. Meyer, Ibis, and W. J. Stephens, South Hornsey Harriers, were slipped in pursuit, and they finished as follows: Meyer and Thomas came in first a hundred yards in front of Colson, the rest at intervals. The feature of the run was the forward position taken by Meyer, a novice at the game, who by beating Colson on his merits showed form nearly equal to first class, and he will make his mark in the future. Afterwards the usual *soirée musicale* took place. The next run will take place on Feb. 8, when any visitor will receive the usual welcome.

Sports, according to the *Cyprus*, were held at Larnarca upon the 4th instant, and appear to have been well patronised. W. H. Griffin, H. P. Bateman, H. P. Comyn, and Gillesby were the principal performers.

I have been requested—although I am not, that I am aware, acquainted with my correspondent—to state that Mr. D. Harding, of the Balham C.C., has not turned professional runner.

A cross-country run—Moseley Harriers *versus* Spartan Harriers—was to have been decided at Birmingham last Saturday, but, owing to the frost, the contest was postponed *sine die*.

Rowing has been almost negatived of late by the frost, but the presidents of the rival Universities have already begun to get their men into preliminary work for the annual contest of the Blues. Of course any comment now will be superfluous—in fact, it will continue so up to the time of their going into strict training next Lent.

John Phelps, for a great many years with the London R.C., has succeeded to the business so long carried on by Robinson and Sims at the Unity Boathouse, Putney, taking into partnership Sam Peters, who served his time with that firm. Although both are young men they have a thorough practical knowledge of the business, and being public favourites should soon take high honours.

What is the meaning of this, I wonder? Two sporting contemporaries in London came out on Wednesday with a par. headed in large type, Spencer v. Kempster or Kimpster, one stating surprise that the only objection to articles forwarded from London to Sunderland was against Mr. John Ireland being referee, and remarking that there was no such stipulation in the document; whilst the other states that the only objection was to the final stakeholder, Kempster selecting the editor of the journal the latter statement appeared in. Now which is right? Is this yet another case of hankering after the handling of other people's coin for a short period?

My anticipations of what the result of the billiard match between Joseph Bennett and Tom Taylor, the latter in receipt of 200 points in 3,000 at St. James's Hall, were rather considerably out. Taylor won all the way, I might say, as he secured a good lead on the opening night and won by 569 points. I don't want to have to sit out another three nights' championship-table match, despite the fact that on the last night I saw Joseph Bennett make four of the grandest shots I have ever witnessed during an experience of some years. Bennett certainly had miserably bad luck all through, but on the other hand, Taylor played better than ever. The winner made the best break, 73, his opponent's finest run being 49.

The annual military assault-of-arms at the recreation rooms of the Royal Artillery, at Woolwich, took place on Friday. Proceedings opened with an overture by the band of the R.A., under Mr. Smythe, after which vaulting horse drill was gone through very smartly by the Gymnastic Company. A neat bout with the foils ensued, in which Instructors Green and Street played with grace and skill. Bayonet v. bayonet came next on the programme, the exponents being Instructors Warnock and Mansfield, followed by a quarterstaff battle between Instructors Dymond and Drummond. Capt. Anstruther and Lieut. Barker now donned the mittens, and a lively set-to took place, Capt. Anstruther, after an effective body blow to his opponent, calling "time." Instructors Street and Blake having proved that they could wield the Indian clubs in good form, Lieut. Bingham favoured the company with the "Bay of Biscay," and in response to a hearty encore gave Blockey's setting of Jennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." When a series of clever feats on the parallel bars had taken place the first part of the programme was brought to a successful termination with bar-bell drill executed by men of the Royal Artillery.

After an interval of ten minutes, the band struck up a lively selection, and then the Gymnastic Company favoured the spectators with a fine performance on the horizontal bar. Captain Anstruther next sang that fine old German song, "The Blucherlied," and after some smart sparring by Instructors Mitchell and Myers, Captain Anstruther and Sergeant-Major Bryan appeared on the stage armed in mediæval fashion with sword and dagger, and showed the visitors how their forefathers fought in the days gone by. A quarterstaff encounter between Gentlemen Cadets Hume and Osborne created great enthusiasm, and when a struggle between sword and bayonet, respectively wielded by Instructors Blake and Mansfield, had taken place, Captain Anstruther performed some excellent feats with the sword. Single-stick play followed between Instructors Dymond and Bond, and then the evening's entertainments wound up with a grand *mêlée*, in which every man's hand was against his neighbour's.

John Ennis, the Chicago pedestrian, who went in for the last "make-the-best-of-your-way" Astley belt, has, so says the *Manchester Sporting Chronicle*, "made a 'best on record'" in another branch of sport, having skated a hundred miles in 11 hours 37 min 45 sec.

Next Saturday the North London Swimming Club, one of the oldest societies we have, hold their annual dinner at the Old White Horse, London-wall, the chair to be taken at 7 p.m. sharp.

With excusable timidity I have left all mention of Weston to

the finish, and now I really hardly know what to say about his affair, as I have no room to go into details. First and foremost, then, at the time of writing, according to latest advices, he was still progressing favourably through Devonshire, although I can hardly understand bulletins which make him nearly settled one moment and as fresh as a lark the next. A hazy sort of mystery hangs over the affair, to my mind. I have carefully studied the accounts of the special correspondents (what a number of journals, according to their own showing, have specials there, and yet when one fails to get a wire the others do the same) who are supposed to be in attendance, and find that Weston very frequently goes on ahead of the judges, and indulges in other like eccentricities. Now this is hardly the thing. I have always been under the impression that a judge of anything should be an eye-witness.

Everywhere the B.P. rush to see him but only on the road; when it comes to paying to hear his lecture they stand aloof. The crowds have been so detrimental to his chance (he is always being trodden on, and was once tripped up) that Sir John Astley has given him leave to ride through the towns, and this he will find an advantage, as when he gets in the Black Country he may find the natives still more rough in their affection.

Weston is undoubtedly a wonder in his way, as he proved himself more than once when he first arrived, and therefore I regret much that he has gone in for this mountebank show, for more reasons than one. Fortune favours the brave, however, and I hope he will come out all right. I fancy a little later in the season would have been a more remunerative time for the walk.

EXON.

OUI DIRE.

RICHARD SAVAGE, hunted out of life as through a wilderness by misery and despair, waging the bitter end of a pauper's death in a debtor's prison his warfare against poverty and misery, neglect, and scorn, haunted the playhouses for sympathy, and found his only friends amongst poor actors, artists, playwrights, and journalists in the taverns which then occupied the places of clubs. Established in a spirit akin to that which gave this poor outcast poet his only comfort, the club which bears his name was established, and has obtained a warm place in the affections of those who have a love of art, literature, and the drama sufficiently generous and genuine to extend to the very humblest of its hard-working professors. There are London clubs so exclusive that one wonders why every member does not constitute himself a club and abide therein a lonely specimen of unapproachable sublimity and grandeur. But of these the Savage is not one. It is a kindly, genial, open-hearted, social, and Bohemian kind of club, with a distinct individuality, having traditions and a position of which its members have every right to be proud—a club that is wanted and ought never to lack support and encouragement. Judge, therefore, our alarm when there reached us amongst the hearsay of a few weeks back news of an attempt on the part of its committee—with one exception—to end the Savage Club by unnecessarily amalgamating it with a club of a different description, with regard to membership and the essential qualifications. We said at once that the mere attempt was sufficient to place the members who introduced it, really or apparently, on a very unsatisfactory footing with regard to the confidence of those who would certainly reject their scheme by a large majority, as, in fact, they did. At the last annual meeting on Wednesday afternoon this was very apparent in a somewhat stormy discussion, resulting in an extraordinary postponement of its business for three weeks, on the ground that by the withdrawal at the last moment of names nominated for the new committee the club had no chance of doing anything but re-elect the old committee. The postponement is obviously a source of satisfaction, both to the late committee, who will probably be re-elected, and to the members generally, who will be satisfied to know that the rules of the club have been honestly observed, both in letter and spirit, and that the new committee fairly represent the members.

BUT opinions always will differ. Just read the following, quoted from a writer in the *Hornet*, and then read the extract following from Aristarchus (the younger) in the egg-merchant's *Whitehall Review*:—

"A reckless ruffian was brought up at Bow-street Police-court the other day, charged with attempting to force his way into Covent Garden Theatre without a ticket, and with knocking down one and violently striking over the head another of the officials who very properly attempted to bar his audacious intrusion. The case was completely proved against him by the persons he had assaulted. There were no witnesses called for the defence, and the presiding magistrate, saying that it was a very gross case, proceeded to sentence the prisoner in the dock to six months' hard labour.

"I beg pardon; a friend who is looking over my shoulder tells me that I have made one or two little mistakes in the preceding paragraph. The reckless ruffian, I find, was nothing of the sort. He was a mild-spoken, gentlemanly creature, who gave the name of the Earl of Aylesford. He was by no means placed in the dock, he was accommodated with a chair; and the magistrate, far from sentencing him to hard labour, politely let him off with a fine of £10.

"This is as it should be. It would be intolerable if, in this free but aristocratic country, a real, live earl who is willing to pay for it, were not allowed to smash a couple of wretched box-keepers so forgetful of class distinctions as to impudently ask a peer for his pass."

THAT is extract No. 1. Here is No. 2 from Lord-loving James de Aristarchus Plush, while in martial mood:—

"Was Lord Aylesford in the right? I am by no means disposed to enunciate the contradictory of this problem. The fact is that the defendant simply claimed a privilege which, as I can testify, is not commonly refused either at Covent Garden or any other London theatre; and if he treated the august underlings a trifle *du haut en bas*, he did not therefore forfeit all claim to courtesy. However, out of evil cometh good, and though the fines were retributive, Lord Aylesford's fists will operate as a caution to undertrappers in general not to interfere with men of honour. A five-pound note is not exactly *pommade divine*, nor does it heal a bruise."

IN this Aylesford assault case one of the complainants said, "I felt a shock, and I did not know whether my hat was off or my head." It was only *his* hat that was off. The noble defendant was considerably *off his head*, or he would patiently have awaited the arrival of his friend with the ticket.

ON Monday the proprietor of the Grecian Theatre, Mr. George Conquest, entertained 300 children from the St. Luke's Parochial Schools with an afternoon performance of his Christmas pantomime, *Hokee Pokee*. At the conclusion of the entertainment each child received a bun and an orange, provided by Mr. Conquest. Next Monday afternoon 700 of the inmates of St. Luke's Workhouse will be similarly entertained at this theatre.

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—"Your Wafers are invaluable for the voice, throat, and chest. All persons suffering from bronchitis, hacking cough, and deprivation of rest should take them."—From Mr. Earle, M.P.S., 22, Market place, Hull. Price 1s 1d, of all druggists.—[ADVT.]



THE WASH-HOUSE.



THE HOUSE IN CONSTRUCTION.



L'ASSOMMOIR.



THE FETE DE GERVAISE.



BOULEVARD ROCHECHOUART.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

A FEW days ago, riding in one of those Patent Asthma-Generators—an underground railway, I had foisted upon me by an energetic newsboy a copy of the *Echo*, in lieu of an *Evening*



"Johnny" Cormack
The Pet of the Ballet.

Standard for which I had vainly shouted. The train pushed on, and finding myself the happy possessor of the halfpenny curiosity, I proceeded to examine it. I was greatly rewarded by happening to immediately alight upon the fervid sentiments of one signing



Pieces with Honour!

himself "Wideawake." From this "Goodman Verges" I learnt that nothing in this world could be more debasing to humanity than the performance of a pantomime. He pointed out, in the most convincing manner, that the run of such performances con-

sisted of improper dialogue and song, to say nothing of the immoral show of fair bodies on the part of the persons enacting the more fascinating of the characters. Where is the Lord Chamberlain, or what is he about that Goodman Verges Wideawake should have to wield his halfpenny sledge hammer on the anvil of Christmas and New Year Immoralities? Wideawake, you have struck a deep chord of morality in my bosom at least, and I can assure you that I hied me to the festering scenes of impropriety which nightly imperil the youth of our great city within the walls of Drury Lane. After an anxious period of pantomime, lasting some three hours (it seemed three months) in Drury Lane I failed to find in Mr. E. L. Blanchard a reckless extravagance of improper suggestions or an utterly abandoned sense of decency on the part of the Pet of the Ballet, Mr. "Johnny" Cormack. Not even in the vapoury loveliness of Mr. Beverley's scenery could I find a combination of colouring that the mind could twist into a Backsliding in "Blueishness"—after the manner of Whistler. No, no, "Wideawake"—"Good Neighbour"—go to sleep again. It would be a pity that, in the matter of pantomime at least, "Old Drury" should ever become known as "Old Dreary." Still, methinks, there is an inclination to drift that way. Mr. E. L. Blanchard's Christmas annuals produced year after year at the chief Temple of the Drama over a quarter of a century, have stacked themselves into a monument of some nine-and-twenty volumes, all worthy work of the master hand. This year there is something wrong somewhere, however, and the twenty-ninth "Drury Lane New Grand Comic Christmas Annual, illustrating the most popular Story in the World, and entitled *Cinderella*," To my mind, the great error in the production of this charming work is the entire absence of comicality during the opening scenes. It is not until at the very end of the story, and when the limelights are beginning to hiss in preparation for the grand transformation



Fred Vokes—
"Alas poor Yorick!"

scene, entitled "The Assembly of the Hours" (a piece of work in which Mr. Beverley has done himself small justice), that the Vokes Family warm the audience to anything like enthusiasm; but then, and not till then, do they give vent to their peculiar talents in a "Terpsichorean Fandango." Then was briefly given what has been, and what might be still. The house began to laugh and make merry to a greater degree when Mr. Fred Evans and Little Laurie as the Clowns dashed into wild, boisterous humour in the comic scenes, clearly showing that the British public was quite willing to be amused, if amusement was supplied. Mr. Blanchard has treated the story with great delicacy, but has rather produced a drama from the legend than a pantomime. The sisters, instead of the accepted "ugly" ones, are nearer to the story—nearer to real life. They are "Vixena the Spiteful and Pavia the Proud." Cinderella is not knocked about by two overbearing low comedy monstrosities, but is pushed, pinched, and continually ill-treated by two sisters, the possessors of unfortunately very human attributes. She is their contemporary, but ill-starred. Miss Victoria Vokes, as Cinderella, is at once too good and too bad for pantomime. Far better that such high comedy acting as she presents in the earlier scenes, and such absolute tragedy as she creates in the distressing progress from the Prince's Ball to her home, be kept for another description of dramatic work. "Where does the laugh come in?" would be a good "gag," or "wheeze" (or whatever the comedy-merchants are wont to call it), for Mr. Fred Vokes to use as Baron Pumpernickel. Mr. Fred Vokes is an almost unapproachable master of the art of Legs, indeed the Vokes Family, when led by him, are inimitable. But, then, does it follow that Mr. Fred Vokes is a talking and singing comedian? The negative has been ruefully illustrated at Drury Lane this year. It may have been exceedingly funny in a circle of professional people gathered in the green-room to propound the idea of Fred Vokes (of all people in the world!) playing a character with his foot bound in the swathes of gout bandages. But like many of these things that sound so well in sug-

gestion, it has entirely missed the public in the performance, and Mr. Vokes has had to assume a sorrowfully false position in this year's "annual;" in fact, he has been "tied by the leg." The very elements which made Old Drury ring with laughter and of applause late years have filled it with weeping and wailing during this season. Let us hope that next year the unusual combination of resources



A Pantomime Tragedy Queen.
Cinderella leaving the
(Halls of dazzling light)

which "the Lane" can bring to bear on the production of a pantomime may produce an annual of not only more promise but performance. At the benefit of Mr. Frederick Burgess (of Moore and Burgess fame) on Tuesday last a most unique performance was presented—although not within the walls of a theatre proper. A group of comedians, comprising such men as Lionel Brough,



The bust of a Shakespearean Ethiopian

Edward Terry, G. W. Anson, W. J. Hill, and E. J. George rendered the scene of the casting of the interlude and its performance from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, played with such perfect harmony and effect that it is to be hoped that at the benefit of some as popular (and there are few) as Mr. Burgess, the performance may be repeated.

TURFIANA.

JUDGING from Lowlander's foal list for 1871, the big chestnut would seem to have fairly walked into the affections of Yorkshiremen, who are not as a rule partial to thoroughbred sires of a hunting stamp. His foals number twenty-three, fifteen of them of his own colour; and besides ten of Mr. Constable's and three of Sir C. Strickland's, good judges like Mr. Crowther Harrison and Mr. Botterill have sent three and four mares each, Bathilde and Evergreen being among the former breeder's lot. In September we shall, if all goes well, see these young buds of promise paraded before a Doncaster audience; and as they are sure to have plenty of size about them, the racing public are likely enough to give good prices, partly out of regard for their sire, and partly for novelty's sake. Still, the experience of nine breeders out of ten is in favour of moderate-sized stallions as against seventeen-handers of the Prince Charlie type, though on the other hand it is just as well to have a sprinkling of big ones among a yearling string, seeing that so many men, and especially beginners, are fond of buying their horses by the pound. Along with Lowlander stands The Baron, a half-brother to The Earl, by King Tom, purchased for a long figure by the late Lord Hastings at one of Her Majesty's sales, but never, so far as we know, a bearer of the hoops, or indeed of any other racing jacket. For one of the "great neglected," his list of winners is by no means a bad one; and if he has retained his good looks, there is no reason why he should not be better patronised. As it is, he can show five winners of seventeen races, of which the four-year-old Knight Templar has won eight, not in very select company, perhaps, but then it must be remembered that his sire has only had an "odd lot" of mares. His fee is moderate enough in all conscience, but so many take flight at a five-guinea sire that it would be worth while to appraise his services at a much higher figure, and we may hear of him some day as unearthed from his present obscurity.

Mr. Verrall advertises, by order of the Grand National Hunt Committee, the names of three places of which he has been unable to settle the accounts, and as in two instances the amount in default is over one hundred pounds, it is high time that some steps were taken to expose the wrong doers. Doubtless the same sort of thing has happened before, but has been glossed over and hushed up, though in future promoters of race meetings are likely to be more careful of providing the sinews of war. The fear of public exposure will operate in a wholesome manner in the not uncommon case of enterprising individuals getting up little affairs on spec., while it will be pretty generally agreed that the little Pedlingtons of the turf are already sufficiently numerous to bear paring down within reasonable limits. They will not be missed from the records of past races, and one good effect of the present "depression," which affects turf circles equally with commercial ones, will be to wipe off the slate a number of those pettifogging ventures which only crop up during a state of superabundant racing activity.

Stud news, in the shape at least of the arrivals of "little strangers" is not very plentiful as yet, but Seclusion has dropped a colt to Scottish Chief at Middle Park, and, it is almost needless to add, will be on that sire's list again. At the "weed out" last autumn this grand old mare looked as young and fresh as many half her age. Mr. Wright, of Richmond, having parted with Glenlyon, has taken unto himself his own brother, Monarch of the Glen, whom many of us will remember unexpectedly made the semblance of a race with Lord Lyon for the Two Thousand Guineas, though he never afterwards came within pounds of that form, and until lately was rather down upon his luck in Ireland, where the demand of breeders is for something standing at a fee only to be accepted for third-raters.

Now that pedigree tables of thoroughbred sires and their distinguished progeny have come into fashion so prominently, and excite so much interest in certain circles, it is worth while considering whether some new points of departure might not be taken, in place of those venerable antiquities the Byerley Turk, and the Darley and Godolphin Arabians, which may be termed the Shem, Ham, and Japhet of the equine tribes. These different sources of blood have been so intermingled by constant crosses that, save for the sake of convenience, it is lost labour to refer our modern racehorse to anyone in particular of the three descents, seeing that the chances are he has the blood of all three ancestors flowing in his veins. When we hear or read of a distinguished horse having so many strains of the Eclipse or other celebrated blood in his pedigree, we are apt to look upon it as an exceptional circumstance, instead of remembering that many of our worst performers are similarly distinguished in point of high relationship. By taking "new points of departure" we mean an obliteration (to all intents and purposes) of remote ancestry, and the grouping of our various stallions and mares under such well known heads of families as Touchstone, Birdcatcher, Weatherbit, Melbourne, &c., beyond which it should be unnecessary to carry any genealogical table for ordinary reference. It must be sufficiently evident that all distinctive characteristics of the three original progenitors of the thoroughbred of to-day have long ago disappeared, merged in the continual fusion of bloods, and we see no necessity for tracing the strain to its source, when a nearer "point of departure" would suit equally well. Beyond a certain point pedigree tables cease to be interesting, and compilers might save us the trouble of reading backwards through lists of names which fail to become impressed upon our memories, because their bearers are mostly beyond our recollection as racing performers.

Falmouth is the Derby horse standing next in order upon our list for "vivisection," and, as all the world knows, he will, on the next occasion of his running, sport the orange and purple belt, which have hitherto been such unlucky colours in the great events of the year. We first saw Falmouth at York last year, and he certainly stuck very closely to Wheel of Fortune in the principal two-year-old race upon Knavesmire, and "on paper" it must be a very fine point between Mr. Gretton's colt and Peter. Falmouth is a bay, and a regular Stockwell all over, in style and markings, putting us somewhat in mind of Lord Lyon, though he was a more made-up horse as a two-year-old than the great Ilsey champion. He struck us as a horse that would bear a good deal of fining down with advantage, and as devoid of that fine quality we are used to see in a Derby candidate. But then it should be borne in mind that Falmouth does not come of a very handsome family, but one more remarkable for coarse power. He is just the sort of horse to alter greatly in the course of a year, and Porter will have plenty of time to get him ready to meet the starter on the day of days at Epsom in May next. As to his breeding, we confess we are not overmuch in love with it, and it hardly reads like staying, whatever smartness and speed it may indicate. Glenlyon, the sire of Falmouth, never performed in public, but his brother, Monarch of the Glen, was a very moderate customer, and quite out of his course over anything beyond the T.Y.C. Turning to Dewdrop, the dam of Falmouth, we find her to be one of the progeny of that handsome but soft horse, Mildew, none of whose stock have shown themselves capable of compassing a distance; so that Falmouth's pedigree reads rather "soft," on both sides, and when we come to sum up, after reviewing the various candidates, we shall not declare in favour of Mr. Gretton's expensive purchase, at least so long as several others keep on their legs.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men," may very well be said of the appearance of a detachment of weights for the Spring Handicaps, and there is now some chance of frozen-out

backers and layers coming together at the usual betting resorts. Isonomy has not been forgotten by the adjuster of weights in the City and Suburban, for which Touchet has been very leniently treated, and a very hot favourite is certain to hail from Russley. But we shall be content to wait until matters have shaken down before hazarding an opinion upon the handiwork of either Mr. Dorling or Mr. Ford, as there is invariably a lot of unimportant skirmishing before the engagement between layers and backers commences in real earnest, and the great guns come into action.

The return of horses in training in Austria, Germany, and other lands of the Teuton, show decisively what firm root racing has taken in those parts, and Kinsem may be only the forerunner of other champions destined to put forth their strength against England in years to come; albeit the distance between us and the interior of the European continent must always be a bar to sporting relations such as those now existing between England and France.

The advertisement of the sale of the Bromley Grand Stand shows another nail driven into the coffin of suburban meetings, very few of which can now hope to keep their heads above water. No one will regret this omission from the list of races to come, and it is significant of the utter weakness of their constitution, that no amount of laudation and bolstering on the part of those interested in their continuance has been able to avert their doom. Their opponents have come in for a good share of not very gentlemanly abuse, but the laugh is now on their side, and we shall probably soon find the former supporters of the "ramp" system shouting with the largest crowd, and eloquent in their abuse of these disestablished nuisances.

SKYLARK.

STUD NEWS.

WOODLANDS STUD (Mr. Van Haansbergen), Conssett Branch, N.E.R., Knitsley Station, co. Durham.—Penniless, by Beadsman, a br colt by Macgregor, and will be put to Claremont. Arrived to Macgregor; Lord Alington's Malpractice (dam of Walout); Mr. Van Haansbergen's Isabel (dam of St. Vincent). Arrived to Claremont; Mr. Thomas Holme's Harriett Laws (winner of Northumberland Plate), by Lecturer.

BERNHAM HOUSE STUD FARM, near Reading.—On January 25th, Mr. H. Waring's Maid of the Mist, a bay colt by Cymbal.

ASKE STUD FARM, Moldron, Richmond, Yorkshire.—On January 15th, Mr. D. F. Milner's Teterrima, a grey filly by Strathconan, dead, and will be put to King Lud; 16th, Mr. W. H. Williamson's Lulu, a bay filly by Macgregor, and will be put to Mr. Winkle; 18th, Lord Zetland's Flotilla, Flotsam's dam, a chestnut colt by King Lud, and will be put to Speculum; 28th, Lord Zetland's Margarita, a bay filly by King Lud, and will be put to him again. Also arrived: Lord Zetland's Castella nrie in foal to Strathconan.

THE STUD COMPANY (Limited), Cobham, Surrey.—On January 23rd, Captain W. H. Baillie's Nutbeam, a filly by Kingcraft, and will be put to Kaiser; 25th, the Stud Company's The Garry, a filly by Wild Oats, and will be put to him again; the Stud Company's Fairy Queen, a colt by Blue Gown, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Wild Oats: 24th, Lord Cawdor's Bo-vita, in foal to Dutch Skater. Arrived to George Frederick: 20th, Mr. I. T. McKenzie's Y. Desdemona (of Kintail), in foal to Blue Gown; Mr. I. T. McKenzie's Ma Belle, in foal to Springfield.

MARDEN DEER PARK STUD, Caterham, Surrey.—On January 24th, Mr. Coombe's Columba (Rob Roy's dam), a filly by Doncaster, and goes to Craig Millar; to whom have arrived: The Stud Company's Papoose, by Newminster and Kate Dayrell (dam of Pirate and Dee), by Wild Dayrell; Mr. W. S. Miller's Lady Isabel, by Lord of the Isles, out of Catherine Hayes, and Decoration, by Knight of the Garter out of Toison d'Or. Arrived to "ee Saw: The Stud Company's So Glad, by Gladiateur; Mr. W. S. Miller's mare by Sunstroke out of One Act; Mr. David Cowie's mare (four years old) by Knowsley out of Bab-at-the-Bowster. Arrived to Soipstone: Mr. David Cowie's New Moon, by Knight of the Crescent; Mr. Allison's Incognita, by Voltigeur; the Stud Company's Algebra, by Diophantus.

WAREHAM STUD FARM, Sutton-place, Guildford, Surrey.—On January 19th, Mr. Alexander's mare, Sherwood Lass, a br colt to Vedette, will be put to Thunderbolt; 20th, Mr. Chaplin's mare, Charvinesse, sister to Hermit, arrived to Thunderbolt; 23rd, Mr. Alexander's mare, Aida, by Buccaneer, a ch colt by Thunderbolt, will be put to him again.

UPON CO-OPERATIVE PRINCIPLES.

THE MUTUAL DRESS SUPPLY ASSOCIATION, (LIMITED).

Registered under the Companies' Acts, 1862-67, whereby the liability of the shareholders is limited to the amount of their respective shares.

Share Capital £100,000, divided into 20,000 £5 Shares.

Issue of 5,000 £5 Shares, each Share carrying, BY WAY OF BONUS, one transferable Coupon-Voucher for Goods of the RETAIL value of £5, or, at the option of Applicants, one £5 Debenture Bond to Bearer.

£2 per Share payable upon Application, and the remaining £3 upon Allotment.

THE bonus coupon vouchers will be received as cash on presentation, the difference between the cost of the goods and the amount paid for shares contributing towards the working capital. The bonus debenture bonds will bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly, and be redeemable by annual drawings at par, as explained in the prospectus. The whole of the shares will rank equally for dividend up to 6 per cent. per annum, and afterwards in proportion to amount of purchases effected by each shareholder with the Association. Where no allotment is made the deposit money will be returned in full.

BANKERS—SIR SAMUEL SCOTT, Bart., and Co., 1, Cavendish-square, London, W.

SECRETARY—FREDERIC HILL, Esq.

OFFICES AND WEST-END ESTABLISHMENT—326, Regent-street, London:

BRIGHTON OFFICES—8, Middle-street.

The primary object of this Association is to sell to its shareholders every description of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dress strictly on the principle of co-operative societies, namely, for cash only, at a very moderate increase on the actual cost. To instance the benefits the Association will confer upon individual customers, it is estimated that shareholders will save as much as 30 per cent. on many of their purchases.

Prospectuses, forms of application for the shares now offered for subscription, and all further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, at the offices of the Association.

THE MUTUAL DRESS SUPPLY ASSOCIATION (LIMITED).

"THE COURT CIRCULAR"

"The Mutual Dress Supply Association has secured most commodious premises at 326, Regent-street, close to the Langham Hotel, a house lately occupied by Dion. Boucicault, Esq., certainly a most eligible situation, which is in the centre, as it were, of the fashionable world, and most convenient to ladies shopping. Moreover, the premises are very spacious and beautifully fitted up; in fact, the Association has been very fortunate in securing them. We learn further from the prospectus that duly qualified managers have been appointed. Thus, the ladies' dress department will be under the management of Mr. E. T. Tickner, late manager of the costume department of the Ladies' Dress Association (Limited), Jermyn-street, and formerly with Messrs. Jay and Company, Regent-street. The services of Mr. E. Errington, for many years with Messrs. Bowring and Arundel, and Messrs. E. and H. Hummel, of Old Bond-street, have been secured as manager of the gentlemen's outfitting department. The two departments, although in the same building, will be entirely distinct, with separate entrances. The Association starts with every chance of success."

THE MUTUAL DRESS SUPPLY ASSOCIATION (LIMITED).

"MAYFAIR."

"The tyranny of dressmakers is being met by the formation of a Mutual Dress Supply Association, the object of which is 'to carry on the business of drapers, milliners, and dressmakers, and army and navy and general outfitters, upon principles assuring to the shareholders the beneficial advantages of mutual co-operation.' Premises have been taken in Regent-street, and business managers of high reputation have been engaged. Each share of £5 carries, by way of bonus, a transferable coupon voucher for goods of the retail value of £5, or, at the option of the applicant, a £5 debenture bond to bearer. The principle is a sound one, and we wish the undertaking every success."

THE MUTUAL DRESS SUPPLY ASSOCIATION (LIMITED).

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"The buildings are almost opposite the Royal Polytechnic Institution (within a stone's throw of the Langham Hotel), close to the Russell Club, and in Regent-street. There are twenty-three

rooms, most of them being of large dimensions and lofty. The ground floor will be devoted entirely to gentlemen's dress, embracing clothes, hats, boots, and hosiery. As this department is under the management of Mr. Errington, who has had many years experience in the West-end, there is almost a certainty of success, and the subscribers are sure of obtaining a good article at a reasonable price. The first and second floors are devoted to the ladies, and there is a separate entrance in Regent-street for their especial use. There will be costume, mantle, trying-on, reading rooms, lounge, and lavatory.

"On the next floor above is to be the children's department, also ladies' hosiery and boots. Refreshments will be supplied at moderate prices, and as the directors have succeeded in obtaining the services of Mr. Tickner, late manager of the costume department of the Ladies' Dress Association (Limited), Jermyn-street, and formerly with Messrs. Jay and Company, there can be no doubt that they have one who thoroughly understands his duties, and knows where to buy in the best and cheapest markets."

THE MUTUAL DRESS SUPPLY ASSOCIATION (LIMITED).

"THE UNITED SERVICE GAZETTE."

"The aims of this addition to co-operative associations are directed to reducing the cost of ladies' and gentlemen's dress, any speciality in the former of which has been hitherto almost a monopoly, as possibly many an officer knows to his cost. The proposed system for working the Association appears to be based upon sound co-operative principles, and if they are not departed from success cannot but follow. The expense of many a household in articles of dress will be materially reduced. Thus the Mutual Dress Association will prove a boon to naval and military officers no less than to the public generally."

THE MUTUAL DRESS SUPPLY ASSOCIATION (LIMITED).

The directors beg to announce that the premises of the Association are being prepared for the reception of stock, and that business will be commenced on 17th February next. The advantages of the Association are limited exclusively to the shareholders and their families. Intending shareholders are invited to inspect the premises.

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BROKEN, easy mouthed and
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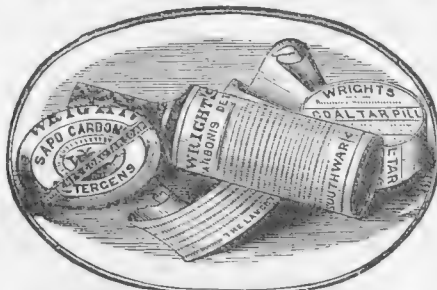
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All expenses to be paid previous to the removal of
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MERRY SUNSHINE, by Thormanby (winner of
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the removal of the mares, if required.
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All expenses paid before the mares are removed.
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CYMBAL, at 25gs.
The above stallions limited to thirty mares each.
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PERO GOMEZ, at 50gs. a mare, and 1
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Foaling mares 25s., and barren mares 20s. a week.
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At Myton Stud Farm, near York.

SYRIAN, by Mentmore out of Princess,
at 25 guineas and 15s. the groom.
Winners and dams of winners of 200 sovs in one
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Apply to Edward C. Munby, Esq., Estates Office,
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At Warehams Farm, Sutton Place, Guildford, three
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Coimbra, exactly same cross as Silvio at 10gs, dams
of good winners at reduction.

ARGYLE.—(Sire of Glenara, &c.), by Adventurer—
Ith by Birdcatcher, at 5gs.
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VEDETTE (sire of Galopin).—A limited
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fastest horse of his day, and is sire of Vengeresse, Dun-
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COSTA, by The Baron out of Catherine Hay (s
winner of the Oaks), at 10gs, and 10s. the groom.
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A keep from behind the scenes



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Counsel for the accused



The foreman of the jury



A fair sympathiser

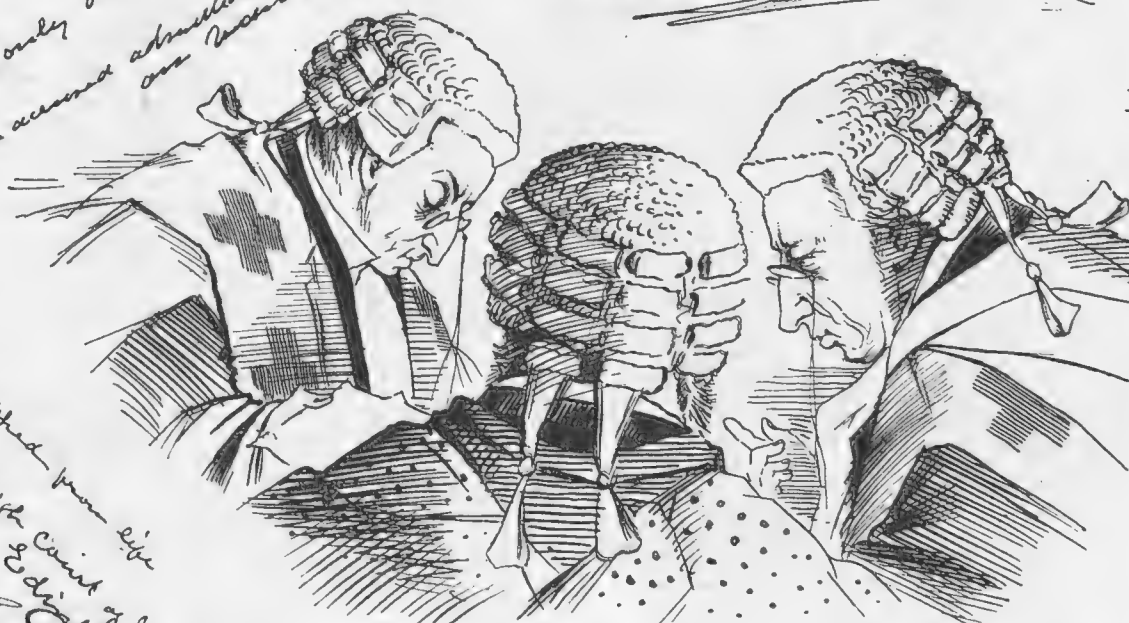


A victim

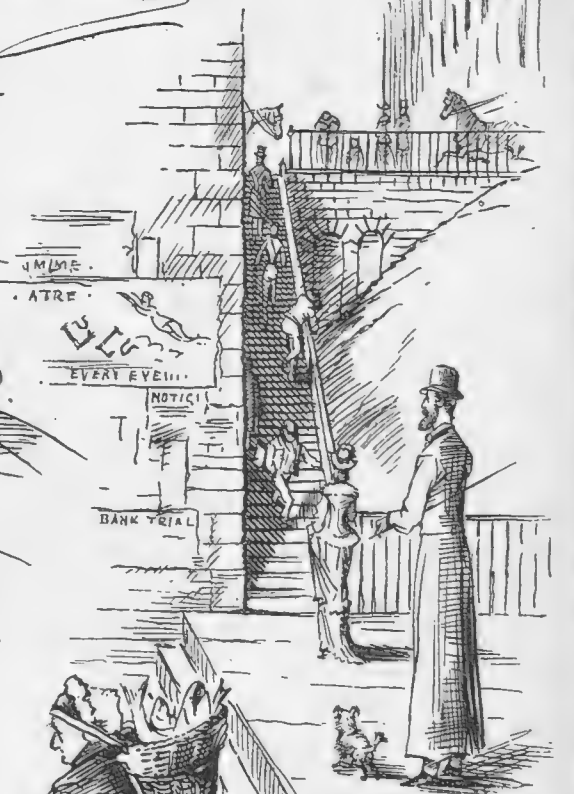


The Director

the only one of the accused who is a victim



Their Lordships in consultation
"No we, or not, we 2."



A short-cut to the court

Sketches from life
of the Court of Justiciary
by J. P. G. G. G. G.
25, 1879

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is particularly requested that all Letters intended for the Editorial Department of this Paper be addressed to the Editor, and not to any individual who may be known in connection with it; and must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

All business communications to be addressed to the MANAGER.

TO OUR FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS.

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS is so rapidly increasing its foreign and colonial circulation that its managers consider it their duty to cater more specially for their wishes in conjunction with those of home readers. With this end in view, we shall be glad to receive sketches or photographs of events having sufficient importance occurring in any of those countries in which this paper now circulates. A Special Edition is printed on thin paper, and forwarded post free to any part of the world, at the rate of £1 9s. 2d. per annum, payable in advance. The yearly subscription for the ordinary thick paper edition is £1 13s. 6d.

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HORS CONCOURS, Paris, 1867.
GOLD MEDAL OF HONOUR for "Improvements in English Furniture," Paris, 1855.
PRIZE MEDAL, Great Exhibition, London, 1851.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

E. MUNDEN.—1. Hamlet was altered by Garrick, as D. E. Bakersays in his "Biographia Dramatica," "in the true spirit of Bottom the weaver, who wishes to play, not only the part assigned him, but all the rest in the piece." Both Oric and the grave-diggers were cut out by him, together with the dying speech of Laertes. 2. Warburton replying to a similar objection, says: "By the Satyr is meant Pan, as by Hyperion, Apollo. Pan and Apollo were brothers, and the allusion is to the contention between those gods for the preference in music." 3. In the original, the line runs: "And dupp'd the chamber door," the meaning of the old word dup meaning to do up. 4. The "stoop" was a flagon which held about two quarts of liquid. 5. "The extravagant and erring spirit," translated into modern English, would simply mean the escaped (out of due bounds) and wandering spirit, not as you suppose the "extravagantly wicked spirit."

K. RICHARDSON.—According to Schlegel, the oldest written play in Germany was by Hans Rosenpluet, a Nuremberger, who lived in the middle of the fifteenth century. Specimens of his tragedies, comedies, histories, and interludes exist. The actors in his time were not players by profession, but amateurs, generally artisans and tradesmen occupying a respectable position as citizens.

D. E. A. writes to warn managers against the practice of passing bad money at the doors of crowded theatres, which is, he says, becoming a common practice. He mentions brass coins silvered as having been passed at an East-end theatre, where, whatever else its proprietor may require, he certainly does not need brass.

JAMES E. PLACID.—There was a rope-dancer named Placide at Sadler's Wells Theatre about that time. He afterwards emigrated to America, and built an elegant theatre in Charlestown—about 1793—which was open in 1806.

B. A.—1. According to an American authority, Mr. Henry Irving's real name is Brodriob. 2. Mr. W. H. Chippendale's father was a comedian of the old school, who played at the Haymarket Theatre. He retired from the stage, and lived for some length of time in Jersey.

L. E. H.—You have confounded two distinct persons. She was a Miss Darby, daughter of a naval captain. At fifteen she was married to Mr. Robinson. It was when she was playing Perdita—the name by which she is now best remembered—at Drury Lane Theatre that the Prince of Wales fell in love with her beautiful face. She died in 1800, having previously lost the use of her lower limbs by paralysis.

DICK.—1. Miss Brunton came out at Covent Garden as Letitia Hardy, on September 12th, 1817. 2. The career of Adelaide Kemble was as short as it was brilliant; it commenced on the 20th of November, 1841, and ended in the December of 1842. 3. Mrs. Nisbett became Lady Boothby.

S. A.—Sir John Falstaff is not supposed to have been the fat knight alluded to by Shakespeare, under the name of Falstaff, as we have shown in a former issue. The reference to Falstaff's buckram—men belongs to Falstaff, not Falstaff. Sir John was a benefactor to Magdalen College, Oxford, for the benefit of which he bequeathed certain estates. The money was applied in the purchase of liveries for some of the senior Demies, who consequently became known as Falstaff's, or Falstaff's buckram-men, the term being generally contemptuously.

MUSICAL.

E. L. B.—You may obtain full particulars on application to Mr. John Gill, Secretary of the Royal Academy of Music, Hanover-square, London. We can inform you, in reference to your query—No. 1. That young ladies are received at the R.A.M. as students of the violin, or of any other instrument. No. 2. Pupils are not required to show that they have made advance in musical study, but are expected to evince a reasonable capacity for music, and can hardly do this unless familiar with the rudiments of the art. No. 3. All students at the R.A.M. are required to learn the pianoforte and harmony, and also to take part in the choral singing. No. 4. No specific period of study is fixed, and "proficiency" must chiefly depend on the ability and industry of the pupil. No. 5. The fee for each of the three terms is £12 12s. 6d., payable in advance, and you would receive nearly 200 lessons in the course of the year.

JOSE.—The second syllable of the name, "Carmen," is accented—"Carmén." In other respects it is pronounced exactly like the English word "carmen."

J. V. L.—It is impossible to assign an exact date to the invention of the organ, but there is no mention of it to be found in any historical work before A.D. 757, when an organ was presented to King Pepin by the Greek Emperor, Constantine. It was not until the tenth century that the use of the organ became general in Germany, Italy, France, and England.

VETERINARIAN.

ISLINGTONIAN.—Let the dog remain with your Veterinarian by all means.

MISCELLANEOUS.

L. M. F.—Such a statement betrays gross ignorance. Deaths by starvation or exposure to inclement weather in the London streets were once common as now they certainly are not. Here is a sample of the kind of paragraphs which at the time were evidently regarded as nothing extraordinary. It is extracted from *The Monthly Mirror*, published in 1803:—"DIED BY THE INCLEMENCY OF THE WEATHER.—A hair-dresser, of Gutter-lane Cheap-side, was constable of the night. About three o'clock a watchman found the deceased near Mitre-court, Cheap-side, and supposing him dying, left him in care of the constable at the watch-house. By the warmth of the fire he so far recovered as to say he was perishing with cold, and had no money. A gentleman present gave him a shilling. In a few minutes the constable desired him to go and seek a lodging or refreshment. He crawled to the corner of Butcher-hall-lane. The watchman on that beat brought two patrols, who dragged him under the gateway of Bull-head-court about a quarter past four; returning about five, they found him dead, and then carried him to the watch-house.—The shilling was found in his pocket."

P. F.—It cannot be authentic, being full-faced, if Addison may be believed. He says:—"Garrick and Hogarth were sitting together at a tavern, mutually lamenting the want of a picture of Fielding. 'I think,' said Garrick, 'I could make his face'; which he did accordingly. 'For Heaven's sake hold, David,' said Hogarth; 'remain as you are for a few minutes.' Garrick did so while Hogarth sketched the outlines, which were afterwards finished from their mutual recollection; and this drawing was the original of all the portraits we have at present of the admired author of 'Tom Jones.'"

C. W.—The ancient custom of ringing the Passing Bell was intended—firstly, to secure for the dying the prayers of all who heard it; and secondly, to scare from the death-bed by holy sounds the evil spirits who hovered about it to seize the soul on its departure from the body.

TOBACCONIST.—Smokers used in those days to carry flint and steel in their pockets for lighting their pipes.

TOM CLARK.—It is said that Wellington saved the bridge of Jena from destruction. Blucher intended to blow it up with gunpowder, and the Prussian engineers had commenced operations for undermining it, when Sir P. Montland, acting under the orders of the Duke of Wellington, took with him a party of the Guards and drove them away at the point of the bayonet, threatening to fire upon them if they resisted. It is also said that Blucher never forgave Wellington for thus thwarting his purpose. The newly-restored Louis gave Wellington notice of the Prussian general's intended act of Vandalism, and said if so fine a monument was to be destroyed he would place himself upon the bridge and be blown up with it.

R. A. STEELE.—1. We are probably more British than Saxon, Danish, or Norman, although it has long been the fashion to think otherwise. 2. There is no record of Saxon women accompanying the barbarous early invaders of this country, who succeeded the polished and civilized Roman colonists. 3. The old British laws of Howell D-da, in our opinion, are closely allied in principle with the laws which Alfred the Great adopted and enforced. 4. The real history of the English stage—when that real history is written—will probably trace it to the noble theatres erected here by the Anglo-Romans and Britons, rather than to the old Mystery Plays, with which it has the slightest possible connection.

POLIPHANT.—Turkeys were introduced in 1524.

H. B. LEBCH.—Teston was the name of an old English coin worth sixpence, and vulgarly known as a "tester."

B. F.—We are unable to reply.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1879.

AMATEUR CRICKETERS.

In these days of leaden skies, frozen meads, and icy breezes from the East, it may seem almost bitter mockery to make even a bare allusion to the game which of all others requires for its enjoyment the more pleasing atmospheric influences and accompaniments of the "boundless blue," the elastic turf, and the warm breath of summer. But of late the pages of contemporaries have been teeming with correspondence and comments upon a department of cricket which certainly demands more than passing attention, and it is just as well that the burning question should be thoroughly argued out and discussed at a time of year when ample room can be found for the views of those most interested in the question. In the height of the cricketing season it is obvious that no such discussion could take place with any reasonable chance of thoroughly sifting the subject in all its various bearings upon the welfare of the cricketing community; neither is it desirable that the campaign should be carried on amid the distractions of such a paper warfare as would certainly be aroused upon the introduction of the points in dispute. Now, therefore, both literally and metaphorically, is the opportunity for cool argument and dignified debate, and we trust that excitement may have thoroughly subsided before the youth of England don their flannels for the opening day of the cricket season. It had long been felt that a sort of "bogey" was standing in the way of the good understanding and harmony so essential to the well-being of sport as well as business, and the great "amateur" grievance, for ever cropping up, was certain at some time to assume such proportions as to render necessary, once for all, the "laying" of its perturbed spirit. The appearance of the unquiet ghost was sincerely to be regretted, for we had all of us long ago scornfully rejected the possibility of such an event, steadfastly holding to the idea that in cricket at least we could boast of a pastime utterly and entirely dissociated from considerations of filthy lucre on the part of its gentlemen exponents, and one of the few branches of sport uncontaminated by the desire of gain, except, of course, from a professional point of view, which does not in any wise affect the question to which we are now addressing ourselves. We shall be told, no doubt, that times have changed, and that cricket and cricketers are now altogether on a different footing to what they were a quarter of a century since; but these truisms cannot, in our opinion at least, in any way affect the question as it stands—of whether it is expedient that amateurs should receive any remuneration for their services, whether offered in the shape of direct gratuity or disguised under the name of travelling or personal expenses. We regret that the Marylebone Club should have admitted the right of gentlemen cricketers to receive *anything* in the way of recompense for their services, for the admission that such may be accepted opens a door to all sorts of irregularities, which are, or will be, perpetrated under the shadow of the new rule. Close upon this decision of what we may term the Cricket Parliament comes the Gloucestershire Club meeting as a commentary upon it, but since the disclosures there made related only to the past, we may gladly draw a curtain over them, with the expression of a sincere hope that so much dirty cricket linen may never again be washed in public. To come to the "amateur" difficulty—we would meet it face to face by drawing a hard and fast line between the gentleman and the professional, and unhesitatingly place the former in the category of the latter, could it be proved that he even received a halfpenny post-card from the captain or manager of his side. This may seem to be a definition with a vengeance, but our contention is that the slightest relaxation of this hard and fast rule would afford a loophole for escape on the part of those who agree either to give or to receive remuneration for their services in the cricket field. If boys and men in former times could afford to play for honour alone, that must indeed be a *progenies virtuosior*, which holds out its hand unblushingly for what was formerly considered professional pay to those who made their living by the game. We can fully enter into the feelings of disappointment likely to be aroused in the "crack" player of his day himself, in the *entrepreneur* who furnishes the amusement of a grand match, and in the public for which sport is provided, at the non-appearance of the great gun on the score of inability to meet the expenses incurred by loss of professional time, hotel bills, and railway expenses; but it is compellent, we had almost written incumbent

upon, the individual thus situated either to give up displaying his talents in public, or to make cricket his profession and join the ranks of the players. As has been truly observed, Daft lost neither caste nor reputation by the step he was bold and discreet enough to take, and all we can say is, if in these days of competition for livelihood a gentleman plays cricket sufficiently well to make a handsome competence out of his skill, by all means let him turn his hand to it, and so make the best of his talents in the direction indicating the best results. Only let it be understood that he is professional, and we can see no reason why he should be "cut" by his former associates in a higher line of life, who are not unwilling to take what they can get towards reimbursing themselves the inevitable "xs." By all means let us be told frankly and fairly with whom we are dealing, and heaven defend us from men of the stamp of so-called "gentlemen" riders, who may be described as causing more trouble and scandal than the far more numerous tribe of professionals in the same line of business. Fortunately, cricket will, we fervently hope, always be spared the reproach of proceedings in connection with it analogous to roping, pulling, and other disgraceful turf practices; but even cricket has its shady side, and we are unwilling to hear of its exponents sailing under false colours, or that its fair fame should rest for support on hybrids between the amateur and professional. Doubtless we shall be met with the assertion that grand matches nowadays are more frequent, of longer duration; and entail greater expenses of hotels and conveyance than of yore, and we must all regret cricket having become so expensive a luxury; but we cannot see that these arguments furnish any reason for breaking through the broad and distinct line of demarcation tacitly acknowledged as a barrier beyond which no "amateur" can trespass without forfeiting his right to that appellation. Besides, it is only for the purposes of suiting the fashion of the day and of securing good "gates" that high-class matches undergo such dismal repetitions and wearisome prolongations during the cricket season, and we are only reflecting the sentiments of a numerous body of well-wishers to the game when we advocate fewer "big" matches and less time cut to waste. It must be remembered that cricketing "stars" are for the most part in their prime, just at that age when the important step is in contemplation of selecting and entering upon the serious business of life, that time to most means money, and that all cannot afford a loss of either. But rather than that they should be placed in a false position as recipients of money on whatever pretext disbursed, let the important matches which are bound to be decided out of the legitimate vacation be fewer in number and not unnecessarily prolonged. Possibly we might then hear less of the "amateur difficulty," seeing that two great causes of complicating the question would thus be removed, and all necessity for "remuneration" happily obviated.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

A DRAMATIC STORY

Adapted expressly for this paper.

BY HOWARD PAUL.

CHAPTER VII.

COUNT SAINT-ROCH had hardly closed the door when M. Noriac rushed out of the bed-room where he had been concealed. "Was I not right?" he exclaimed.

But Paul did not hear him. He had sunk into a chair, hiding his face in his hands. Noriac looked at him with an air of pity, then suddenly, as if yielding to impulse, he touched him on the shoulder. Paul started violently. Then, when he recalled what had just happened, he said,—

"You heard all, Eugène?"

"All! But do not blame me for my curiosity. It enables me to give you some advice. Abandon all thoughts of useless resistance; induce Mdlle. Gabrielle to yield to her father's wishes, and persuade him to let your wedding take place a month after his own. Mdlle. Saint-Roch may suffer somewhat during that month, but the day after your wedding you will carry her off to your own home, and leave the poor old man to his amorous folly."

"I had not thought of that," said Paul. "But would it not be wrong to abandon him to Miss Denman and her accomplices?"

"You will never be able to rescue him, *cher ami*!"

"I ought at least to try. You thought so yesterday, and even this morning."

Eugène could hardly conceal his impatience.

"I did not know then what I know now," he said.

Paul had risen, and was walking up and down the room, replying more to his own thoughts than to Noriac's objections.

"If it were myself alone," he said, "I might agree. But Gabrielle will never consent. Her father knows her well. She is as weak as a child, but sometimes she can develop an iron will."

"Why should you tell her what Miss Denman really is?"

"I promised to tell her everything."

Noriac shrugged his shoulders.

"Then you may bid good-bye to your Gabrielle, my poor fellow," he said.

But Paul had conquered his despair.

"Not yet, *mon ami*, not yet!" he said.

"But what can you do?" asked Eugène coldly.

"What you suggested yourself. Call upon Miss Denman and watch. If necessary, employ detectives. Besides, I have an idea! That unlucky cashier, Masson, whose story you told me! If he still lives, and if we could find him, the hope of seeing himself revenged—"

"You forget," broke in Noriac, "that Masson has been sentenced to penal servitude; he will only think your advertisement a trick of the police to catch him."

But Paul would not be turned aside.

"I will think it over," he said. "Perhaps something might be done with that young man the Count spoke of—Mr. Ashton Summers."

"Ashton Summers is an idiot, insane with vanity, who only lives for notoriety. Miss Denman is celebrated, and he would marry her, just as he would buy a famous racer."

"And how do you account for Miss Denman's refusal?"

"She knows the man's character, and is quite aware that three months after the wedding he would decamp, and in less than a year she would be divorced."

When Eugène left his friend he made him promise to keep him informed of all that might happen, and, apparently forgetting that he had at first advised concessions, he urged the most energetic

resistance. Ensnared in an easy-chair and buried in thought, Paul was oblivious of the passing time, and even the Count's invitation to dinner was forgotten. But, roused by the waning light, he started up suddenly, exclaiming,—

"Gabrielle has been waiting for me! What must she think of me?"

At that moment Mdlle. Saint-Roch had reached that degree of anxiety which becomes intolerable. Having waited for Paul all the previous evening, she had confidently expected him to-day, and now in her despair she was wildly thinking of rushing to his house herself, when the servant announced "M. Paul de Najac." Gabrielle sprang to meet him. She was about to exclaim, "What has kept you?" But the words died on her lips at the sight of Paul's sad face.

"Ah! You were right in your fears," she said, sinking into a chair. "Let me know all."

"Your father has been to me, Gabrielle, and offered me your hand, provided I can obtain your consent to his marriage with Miss Denman. Now, listen to me, and then you can decide."

Faithful to his promise, he told her all that he had learned, suppressing only the horrible suspicion Noriac had hinted. When he had ended, Gabrielle said, warmly, "What! allow my father to marry such a creature? Sit still and smile for my own selfish ends, when dishonour and ruin are coming to the house over which my mother has presided? Never! I will oppose Miss Denman's plans with every faculty I possess."

"She may triumph after all."

"Never! Do you hear me, Paul? I will not yield. Never shall my hand touch hers, and, if my father persists, I will shut myself up in my room and never leave it again. I do not think they would drag me out by force."

"But Miss Denman will bring with her her relatives," Paul said, "Mr. Peabody and Mrs. Thorpe. Oh, Gabrielle! my darling, to think you should be exposed to the persecution of these wretches, and I not by your side to protect you. For their first act will be to part us!"

Gabrielle understood him. She answered,—

"I do not fear them. And can you not wait until the day that the law authorises me to make my own choice? That day, Paul, I promise," she said solemnly, "that if my father still withholds his consent, I will leave this house in broad daylight, openly on your arm, never to re-enter it again!"

Paul clasped her hand, and, carrying it to his lips, exclaimed,—

"Thanks! a thousand thanks! You have restored me to life and hope!"

They were interrupted by the arrival of Count Saint-Roch. He kissed his daughter, then drawing Paul aside, he asked, what had

ak en place.

"Mdlle. Gabrielle wishes a few days to consider," he said.

"That is ridiculous," said the Count, looking displeased. "But, after all, it is your business, my dear Paul."

Dinner was announced, and was promptly despatched, for the Count exhibited manifest impatience. The coffee had scarcely appeared when he turned to Paul, saying, "Make haste, Miss Denman expects us."

Paul was ready, but the Count did not give him time to take leave of Gabrielle; he hurried him to the carriage, pushed him in, and jumping in himself, called out to the servant,—

"Rue Cirque! Miss Denman's! Drive fast!"

CHAPTER VIII.

ONCE on his way to his beloved, the Count's spirit's rose. During dinner he had been sullen and silent; now he chatted away without troubling himself about the silence of his companion, who did not even listen.

Miss Denman's house was not an imposing structure; from the street, whence you could see neither the garden nor the stables, it had quite a modest appearance. They were shown into the drawing-room. It was splendidly furnished, but everything betrayed the Puritanic taste of Mrs. Thorpe. One single picture adorned the walls—a formidable daub in a costly gilt frame, representing a man of mature age, wearing a uniform with enormous epaulets, a huge sword, and a plumed hat.

"General Denman, Zita's father," said the Count, in a tone of deep respect. "As a work of art the portrait leaves, no doubt, much to be desired, but they say the likeness is admirable."

Before Paul had time to answer Mr. Peabody appeared, leaning upon a big cane.

"What, my dear Sir Peabody!" exclaimed the Count, "your leg still troubles you?"

"Oh, a great deal!" replied the other, with a very marked English accent; "the doctor thinks there is something wrong with the bone." Then changing the subject he added, "They have told Zita that you are here, Count, but she is still at her toilet."

They continued chatting away by the fire, while Paul had withdrawn into the embrasure of a window which looked over the court-yard and the garden in the rear. There, his brow pressed against the cool window-panes, he was meditating. He could not understand Mr. Peabody's accident.

"Was his fall intentional?" he asked himself, "or did he really break his leg? If he did so the fainting-fit might have been natural, and not pre-arranged, but,—"

The noise of a carriage roused him from his thoughts. He looked out. A brougham had driven up to the back door of the house and a lady was alighting. She raised her head to speak to the coachman, and the light of the lamps fell full upon her face. It was Miss Denman. She flew up the steps and entered the house. He distinctly heard the heavy door close behind her. What did it mean? What new intrigue had compelled her to leave the house just then? Evidently something important to detain her so late when she knew that the Count awaited her.

This incident threw a gleam of light on the deceptions practised in this house, and on the complicity of Sir Peabody and Mrs. Thorpe.

In the meantime the Count was detailing his arrangements for the approaching wedding. He and his wife should inhabit, he said, the first floor of his *hôtel*. The ground-floor was to be divided into two suites of apartments for Mr. Peabody and Mrs. Thorpe; for he knew very well that his adored Zita could never bear to part with her dear relatives. The last words remained unfinished, when Mrs. Thorpe and Miss Denman entered the room. Paul was even more struck by her beauty to-night than at the opera—it was dazzling. She wore a dress of pale pink silk, embroidered with tiny bouquets, and trimmed with a flounce of plaited muslin. In her hair she had nothing but a branch of fuchsia, the crimson bells falling on her neck and mingling with her curls. Coming smilingly up to Count Saint-Roch, and offering him her brow to kiss, she said,—

"Do I look well, Count?"

He positively trembled, and could only stammer ecstatically, "Oh, beautiful! too beautiful!"

"It has taken you long enough, I am sure," said Sir Peabody severely.

Miss Denman had really performed a miracle of haste, for it was not a quarter of an hour since she returned to the house. The servant announced some of the usual visitors, and she went to receive them. Ten o'clock struck, and from that moment the guests did not cease to arrive, and by eleven there were perhaps a hundred people in the room. To this crowd Count Saint-

Roch displayed his good fortune. He assumed all the airs of the master of the house, ordered the servants about, and went from group to group eagerly picking up all the compliments he could gather on Miss Denman's beauty and his own good fortune.

Gracefully reclining in a velvet fauteuil, Miss Denman looked a young queen surrounded by her court. But she never for a moment lost sight of Paul, watching him all the time stealthily. At last the rooms gradually emptied, and finally only a few intimate friends and four players at a card-table were left.

Then Miss Denman rose, and coming up to Paul, said to him, "Would you allow me a moment's conversation? Come this way, Monsieur."

CHAPTER IX.

MISS DENMAN led Paul into a tiny boudoir adjoining the salon. If the reception-room reflected the stiff character of Mrs. Thorpe, this charming nook represented Miss Denman's own exquisite taste. She sat down on a sofa and began after a short pause. "It would have been more proper for me to convey to you through Mr. Peabody what I wish to say. But when my happiness is at stake I trust no one but myself. I am told that my dear Count saw you this morning," she continued, "and you have heard that in less than a month I shall be his wife."

Paul was surprised. In less than a month! What could be done in so short a time?

"Now, Monsieur," continued Miss Denman, "I wish to hear from your own lips whether you see any objections to this match."

"I confess," he replied with much hesitation, "that I do not understand why you do me the honour—"

"To consult you? Pardon me; I think you understand me perfectly well. Are you not engaged to Mdlle. Saint-Roch?"

"The Count has permitted me to hope—"

"He has pledged his word, Monsieur, under certain conditions. The Count has told me all. I speak, therefore, as to his son-in-law, and I repeat, do you see any objection to the match?"

The question was too plainly put to admit of prevarication. And still Paul was bent upon gaining time, and avoiding any positive answer. For the first time in his life he uttered a falsehood, and blushing, stammered out,—

"I see no objection."

"Then I am sure you will not refuse me a favour. Wounded by seeing her father marry again, Mdlle. Saint-Roch hates me. Will you promise me to use your influence in persuading her to soften her feelings towards me?" She looked sharply at him, and then continued, "I do not ask you to succeed. Only promise me upon your honour that you will do your best. Will you promise?"

Paul's lips refused to utter a false declaration.

"You see," resumed Miss Denman, coldly, "you were deceiving me." But after a pause, her face brightening with a glow of hope, she cried out, "Well, be it so. You are frank; you are a man of honour, all is not lost yet. Tell me whence comes your aversion? Is it a question of the Count's fortune? No, it is not that I see. What, then, can it be? Ah!" she continued, her eyes flashing, but heavy tears rolling down her cheeks, "I understand! The atrocious calumnies of my enemies have reached you, and you have believed them. Confess you have been told vile falsehoods, and you have believed them." Grand in her wrath—her cheeks aflame, her lips trembling—she rose and added in a tone of bitter sarcasm, "Ah! when people are asked to admire a noble deed they insist upon enquiring before they believe. But if they are told something bad they dispense with this ceremony. However monstrous the tale they believe it instantly. They would not hurt a child, but they do not hesitate to repeat a slander which kills a woman as surely as a dagger. If I were a man and had been told that Miss Denman was an adventuress, I would have ascertained for myself. America is not so far off, I should soon have found some of the ten thousand men who had served under General Denman, and they would have told me the what sort of man their chief had been. I would have gone to the oil regions of Pennsylvania, and I would have learned that the petroleum wells belonging to Mr. Peter Peabody, Mrs. Thorpe and Miss Denman produce more than many a principality!"

Paul was astounded by the candour with which this young girl approached the suspicious subject. To enable her to speak with such boldness she must either be possessed of unsurpassable audacity, or—he had to confess it—be innocent.

Overcome by the effort she had made, she continued in a lower tone of voice as if speaking to herself,—

"But have I a right to complain? Alas! Mr. Peabody has told me often enough, and I would not believe him. When I came to Paris, after my poor father's death, I was but twenty. I was brought up in America, where young girls know no law but their own consciences, and truth is their first duty. In France, hypocrisy is taught as our first duty. I was frank and open; I thought I could do everything I chose, provided I did not think it was wrong. But here this was a crime. I was young, rich, and popular. More crimes! And after I had been here a year they said that Masson, the wretch—"

She jumped up as she said this, ran up to Paul, and seizing his hand, said—"Masson! Have they talked to you about Masson?" As if in utter despair she raised her hands to heaven, and then added, suddenly,—

"But I have proofs, undeniable proofs, of Masson's villainy!"

And without waiting for another word she hurried into the adjoining room, leaving Paul utterly overwhelmed by the charm of her marvellous voice and her indignant excitement. Before he could collect himself Miss Denman was back again, carrying in her arms a small casket. She resumed her seat on the sofa, and said in a tone betraying restrained passion—"Before all, I must thank you, M. de Najac, for your frankness, since it enables me to defend myself. I knew I was attacked by slander; now for the first time, thanks to you, I can face it, and, facing it, defy it! Listen, therefore, for I swear to you solemnly that you shall hear the truth."

She had opened the box and was eagerly searching among the papers inside. She continued, with feverish haste,

"M. Masson was the cashier of the Mutual Discount Company. Mr. Peabody had some business with him, about drawing some funds from Philadelphia. He found him exceedingly obliging, and, to show his appreciation, invited him to dine. Thus he became acquainted with Mrs. Thorpe and myself. After a while, when Mr. Peabody took it into his head to try some Bourse speculations, M. Masson offered him his assistance."

By this time Miss Denman had found the papers she was seeking. She handed them to Paul, saying,—

"And, if you do not believe me, look at this."

There were a dozen bits of paper, on which Masson had reported the results of his operations on the Bourse on behalf of Mr. Peabody.

"This letter," she continued, "will tell you more."

Paul took the letter and read,—

"Paris, Dec. 5.

"M. Peter Peabody,—Monsieur,—It is to you alone that I dare make the terrible confession that I have committed a crime. I am wretched. Employed by you in your speculations, I have given way to temptation, and speculated on my own account. One loss followed another. I lost my head. I hoped to recover the money, and at this moment I owe more than thirty thousand francs which

I have taken from the company's safe. Will you have pity on me? Will you be so generous as to lend me that sum? I may not be able to return it in less than six or seven years; but I swear I will repay you with interest. I await your reply, like a criminal who waits for the verdict. It is life or death. As you decide, so I may be saved, or disgraced for ever."

"A. MASSON."

On the margin methodical Mr. Peabody had written, "Answered immediately. Sent A. M.—thirty thousand francs, to be drawn from my balance with the Mutual Discount Company. No interest to be paid."

"You see," said Miss Denman, "he was saved. I cannot convey to you the exaggerated expressions of his gratitude. He refused to shake hands with Mr. Peabody; he was no longer worthy of such honour, he said. He spoke of nothing but of his devotion and death."

She laughed nervously, and continued in a hoarse voice, "And do you know, M. de Najac, how Masson repaid all this kindness? Read this note."

It was another letter written by Masson to Mr. Peabody, and ran thus—

"M. Peabody,—I deceived you. It was not thirty thousand francs, but two hundred thousand francs I had taken. Thanks to false entries, I have concealed my defalcations till now; but I can do so no longer. The directors have begun to suspect me, and the manager has just told me that to-morrow the books will be examined. I ought to kill myself, I know; but I have not the courage. I venture to ask you to give me the means of escaping from this country. I beseech you, in the name of all that is dear to you, for mercy's sake; for I am penniless and cannot even pay my railway fare to the frontier. Nor can I return to my house, for I am watched. Once more, M. Peabody, have pity on a poor man and leave the answer with the *concierge*. I will come about nine o'clock."

"A. MASSON."

Not on the margin, as before, but across the letter, Mr. Peabody had written these laconic words:—

"Answered immediately. No! the scamp!"

Paul could not have uttered a word to save his life; he was too excited. Miss Denman continued,—

"We were dining alone that day, and Mr. Peabody was so indignant that he forgot his usual reserve and told us everything. I felt only pity for the poor man, and I besought him to give the wretch the means to escape. He came! Oh! if I lived a thousand years I should never forget that fearful scene. He forced his way up, and feeling that all was lost, he became desperate. At first he begged on his knees, but when he found it of no avail, he rose in a fury and overwhelmed us with the coarsest insults. At last Mr. Peabody's patience gave way, and he rang for the servants. They had to employ force to drag him out, and he swore he would be revenged."

Miss Denman shuddered, and for a moment Paul thought she was going to faint. But she made an effort to overcome her weakness, and continued more firmly,—

"Forty-eight hours passed, and the impression of this horrible scene began to fade from our minds. His crime had in the meantime become known, and all the papers were full of it. They exaggerated the sums he had stolen, and they said he had succeeded in escaping to England, and that the police had lost trace of him in London. He had really fled; but before leaving Paris he had succeeded in preparing everything for the vengeance which he had threatened. Where he found people mean enough to serve his purpose I do not know. Perhaps he only addressed anonymous letters to some of our acquaintances, who he knew envied and disliked us. At all events, less than a week after his disappearance it was reported everywhere that I, Zita Denman, had been his accomplice, and that the money he had stolen might easily be found if a certain bureau in my room were searched. Soon the papers took it up, alluding to me in a thousand infamous innuendoes. And we, quiet and unsuspecting in our innocence, did not dream of what was going on."

(To be continued. Commenced in No. 258, Jan. 4, 1879.)

WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

PATERSON & SONS, Edinburgh and Glasgow.—The "Nettie" waltz, price 4s., by J. R. Perry, is a well-written work, comprising four movements and a coda, all of which are melodious, and as facile as they are effective. The following pianoforte solos are composed by Otto Schweizer:—"Minnehaha" (Laughing Water), price 4s., a value brillante, bright and original, and equally available for solo playing and for dancing purposes. "Kermesse," price 4s., is a waltz "descriptive of a country fair." It contains no special features to identify it with its title, but is fresh and melodious. Schumann's "Träumerei" (Dreamland) and his "Warum" (Why?), price 3s., have been ably arranged, and a separate part for harmonium or American organ is added. This solo will be welcomed by the numerous amateurs to whom the two selections from Schumann's "Kinderszenen" and his "Phantasie Stuck" are familiar. "The Flowers of Edinburgh," by C. Zotti, is an effective but easy arrangement of well-known Scotch melodies, and will be prized by teachers. "Sostenuto," price 4s., is a waltz by A. Curcio. Although not distinguished by originality of melody, it is skilfully arranged, with marks which will be useful to pianists who possess a "melo-piano," on which the "sostenuto" effects can be obtained. "Hazeldean," price 4s., by the same composer, is a transcription of a popular Scotch melody. Considerable skill is shown in the variations and embellishments which are introduced, and the solo will afford to moderately advanced amateurs many opportunities of displaying executive ability. "The March of the Cameron Men," price 4s., by the same composer, is an effective and easy transcription of a well-known melody. "The Auld House," and "I love ne'er a laddie but ane," price 4s., and "Flora Macdonald's Lament," price 4s., are clever transcriptions of well-known airs. The last-named is a brilliant pianoforte solo, which will afford chances of distinction to skilled pianists; it is a work of more than ordinary merit. "The One o'clock" Galop, price 3s. by O. Steinbach, is lively and effective, and the semi-quaver passage, with which the second movement opens, is specially excellent.

B. HOLLIS, 63, Ebury-street, S.W.—The "Sommer-Nacht Waltz," price 4s., by A. Greuber, is a welcome addition to the repertory of ball-room music. It is fresh, melodious, and capably adapted to dancing purposes. A duet edition, price 4s., is also published.

ENOCH & SONS, 19, Holles-street, W.—"La Berceuse de Mignonne," price 1s. net, composed by O. Schweizer, is an elegant little drawing-room solo. The "lullaby" character is well sustained, the melodies are graceful, and, although the solo is simple in form, the counter-point is so ably written that the berceuse, in the hands of a tasteful performer, must prove highly effective.

WEEKES & Co., 16, Hanover-street, W.—"Distant from me" (Lontan da te), price 4s., a romanza, composed by Nicola Ferri, merits warm praise. The Italian words, written by Signor Ferri, and the English version, written by Madame Ferri, are full of poetic sentiment, and the melodious music breathes the accents of tender regret in phrases which are entirely removed from commonplace. The compass is moderate, and the romanza will be equally prized by sopranos, tenors, and barytones.

Brighton

in the
Winter Season



A style of coat
the ladies have not
yet copied



The way of keeping
her nose warm



Out with Puggey

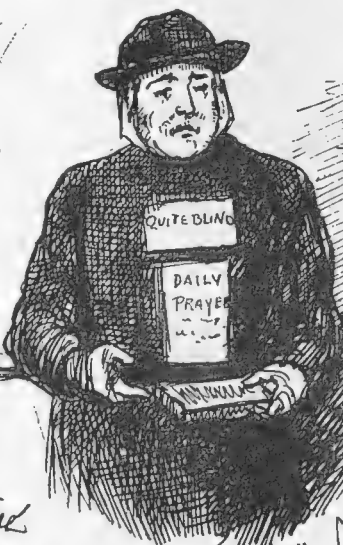


Not the right
individual for a
strong north easter

The King's Road 12.30



At the theatre



An habitude
in front of the "Grand"



At the Gymnasium

Down Wilson
St.



SKETCHES FROM THE PANTOMIME AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

VETERINARIAN.

SHODDY'S FIRST PAIR.

THE title of our paper this week is so much out of our usual style that it is only fair we should give a brief explanation of the same. On turning the word shoddy up in the "blockhead," then, we find it means—"A fibrous material obtained by devilling or tearing refuse woollen goods, rags, &c. It is usually mixed with fresh wool and respun, forming inferior, rough, and coarse cloths for pea-jackets, druggets, &c., but sometimes worked up to sell for fine cloth." It will be seen at a glance that those who resort to such "devilling" are, in the nature of things, more likely than not to begin life poor and shrewd, and gather moss and experience as life advances. We, however, only take them as a type of a class, no matter how those riches have been obtained—whether it be by sanded sugar, Paris-plastered flour, or any other commercial method. Shoddy's schooling is for the most part completed by the village schoolmaster, if, indeed, he can boast of school life at all. As a boy he is cunning, and always in luck at games where lucre, in whatever form, is to be obtained by hoarding; his pockets are always well supplied with "taws," which he either keeps for the mere pleasure he finds in hoarding, or parts with only for coin. As youth, so called, draws to a close and manhood appears, the same qualities he was noted for as a boy have put him in possession of means, by processes not to be too closely investigated, and at the age of forty-five we find him brisk, rotund, and looked up to as a blooming specimen of industry and thrift, holding high municipal office, and the mouthpiece of the law, sending such of his fellow-merchants to the rightabout who have been unfortunate enough to be found out.

We now pause to introduce Mrs. S. We find Mr. Shoddy married young, at a period when the fluctuation in the price of treacle, sugar, or shoddy, as the case may be, was of more consequence to him, before his wealth was acquired, and therefore at a time when his female acquaintances luxuriated within those earthly substrata known as "the lower arie." In Mrs. S. we find a buxom, expensively dressed matron, with everything around and about her telling of creature comforts.

The year 1860 saw Mr. and Mrs. S., doing without maid-servant, in a cozy little fifteen-pound house, and always glad to see "Aunt Marier" when she came to 'ave a cup of tea." The year '66 sees the lucky pair in a forty-pound house with a maid-servant who also acts the part of companion to Mrs. S.; whilst the year '73 finds them on the look-out for some mansion or other which must have been called by the name of *Hall*, or, at least, be worthy of receiving that title before they can bring their minds to "viewing" it with a view to purchase or lease. The 'all is a large mansion and requires many hands to keep it clean, and to it are attached numerous out-houses, such as empty stables and coach-house highly suggestive of a carriage and pair, which Mrs. S. has long looked forward to, and which, strange to say, all Lord and Lady Shoddies regard as the highest expression of wealth and its surroundings.

The 'all has swallowed a vast amount of expensive furniture, and the accompanying "grounds and 'ome farm" have been a heavy drain upon the purse, so Mr. S., with an eye to business as usual, suggests that Jeames—who cleans the boots, knives, and windows, and runs the errands, and looks after the solitary cow that till now has been the only living occupant of the commodious out-houses—if properly liveried will not make a bad coachman, and being handy, will manage such a trifling addition as a carriage and pair. The next thing to do is to look up the horse-dealer, who speaks the truth when he welcomes Mr. S. to his fine selection, and says how pleased he is to see Mr. S., adding that he has just the pair that will suit; and if he has not, he will guarantee to get exactly what is wanted in less than no time. Either then, or within a few days, a flash pair of Cleveland bays hailing from Carlisle, soft as two boiled turnips, said to be five year old, but really three and thirteen respectively, is paraded before Mr. and Mrs. Shoddy and their coachman, whom they have already taken deeply into their confidence in matters equine. The coachman likes the look of the pair, so does Mrs. S., and the two prove more than a match for Mr. S., whose worldly wisdom in things shoddy and otherwise has at least taught him that a man may know a good deal about a purchase or he may not. The pair is purchased without warranty, so is the carriage and all the other requisites. The time arrives for the coachman to take his first trip, and drive Mr. Shoddy down to business and Mrs. S.—to the shops, and the venture is a great success. Of course we pass over as of no consequence the few mishaps at starting, such as wrong harnessing, and so forth, which has been quickly set right by one of Jeames's neighbours' coachman. Next morning Jeames thinks Mr. and Mrs. S. are uncommonly long in turning out. He is in a fever to take them to the stable to show them the thirteen-year-old, whom he has observed to limp on standing over in the stall. At last Mr. and Mrs. Shoddy visit the stables, and the cripple is walked out, and in unmistakeable chagrin a council held, the result of which is that Jeames is to invite his friend, who assisted in the first start on the morning previous, to see the horse and give his opinion. The friend arrives, and advises that Mr. Hock, his master's veterinary surgeon, be called in. Mrs. S. is to be informed of Mr. Hock's arrival, and an examination of the lame individual discloses a large old spavin, which will have to be fired, and the horse thrown idle for six weeks or so. Mr. Hock is now asked to casually examine the pair, and finds the ages as stated above, much to the discomfiture of Mrs. S., who is looking on. In looking into the mouth of the three-year-old an angry "lampas" is disclosed, which explains Jeames's remark that "the other 'os never 'as eat nothin' since ever 'e come." Mr. Hock recommends for this that the gum be lanced, soft food given, also a gentle dose of physic, which will lay up the patient three to four days. The firing takes place after the dealer's refusal to take back the horses or to exchange them, and the three year old has to take the "missus a shopin' all by hisself" for the next two days, Jeames in the meantime giving him double feeds of corn, seeing that he has to do the work of himself and partner. By the third day the extra feeds have made the heels "fly," and Mr. Hock has to treat his young patient for "bun fever" which is recovered from in a week to ten days. By this time Mr. Shoddy has determined on hiring a horse by the week from the job-master, who takes care to let out a horse he can trust. The trusty horse and Jeames manage for the next few months, with occasional help from the three and thirteen year old, to put in an occasional appearance in front of shops and make some amends.

So one mishap after another occurs to Mr. and Mrs. Shoddy's pair, and at the end of three years Mr. S. has roughly reckoned that he and Mrs. S. have had the use of their pair in all about three months, and their local transport has not exceeded two pounds per mile. During this time another set of acquaintances have taken the place of "Aunt Marier" who have been entertained in more ways than one at the expense of Mr. and Mrs. Shoddy. Ten years' experience in horse-keeping sees Mr. S. a wiser man; finds him selecting a pair looking for breeding, not trusting his own, his wife's, or coachman's judgment; and, above all, not employing amateur or boy coachmen.

BY-THE-BYE,

if the histories of nations have strange repetitions, so also have the histories of individuals. A theatrical friend of mine, whose father and grandfather were famous as low comedians, has been talking about that fine actor and worthy gentleman, Mr. Chippendale—who is on the eve of bidding the stage adieu at the Lyceum—as one of the grand old school of old comedy character actors now so nearly extinct. And here before me, on a newly-opened page of the late Walter Donaldson's "Recollections of an Actor," Mr. Chippendale's father is spoken of in just the same terms. He, too, was a comedy actor of another grand "old school" then passing away—"Elia's."

The elder Chippendale, by-the-bye, was the first who played Sir Peter Teazle in Paris. It was not a success, and was withdrawn after its first night to be succeeded very successfully by *Hamlet*, with Charles Kemble in the leading part. That, too, if I am not mistaken, was the first time *Hamlet* was played in Paris.

And talking of Shakspeare in Paris reminds me of what a very curious chapter in histrionic story is that of our great bard's introduction to the gay French capital. It was in 1829 that Count Alfred de Vigny put a translation of *Othello* upon the stage in Paris. He afterwards said, "If I had profaned a church the scandal would have been less." He had previously attempted to introduce *Romeo and Juliet*, but Mademoiselle Mars—who afterwards played Desdemona—while the tragedy was still in rehearsal threw up the part as one to which she felt she could never do justice. "Si j'avais l'age de Juliette," said she, "peut-être n'aurais-je pas mon talent; mais avec mon talent, je n'ai pas l'age de Juliette." And yet M. Fleury, in his *Memoirs*, speaking of those who were on the stage after his retirement from it, says she was the most graceful, elegant, and natural actress that ever adorned the French stage. What say our thousand and one self-confident amateur Juliet's to that? Why some of them—or, at least, one—scarcely condescended to rehearse the part before appearing on the boards of—may I say?—Drury Lane.

I said, by-the-bye, that *Hamlet* was first played at Paris by Charles Kemble. The great tragedy of that name was, however, in rehearsal when the French Revolution of 1830 put a stop to it. This reminds me that the previous revolution was in progress when *Pamela*; ou, *la Veuve Récompensée*—a dramatised version of Richardson's famous novel—was being played at the Comédie Française, and that it also was thereby stopped. *Pamela* was suppressed by the Revolutionists on the ground that it had a tendency to excite regret for the abolition of the order of nobility. Our Lord Chamberlain had suppressed about the same time, a play with as good reason, lest it should excite sympathy with a dethroned and exiled monarch. Call them what you will, men dressed in a little brief authority are the same blundering players of fantastic tricks all the world over. Whether Royalist or Republican, tyrants all fear the stage, as the unfortunate male and female citizen members of the old Comédie Française knew sadly too well, when, with a ghastly death upon a bloody scaffold before their wild eyes and pale faces, they were all marched off to prison for continuing to play the successful piece of *Pamela*, contrary to the orders of the Committee of Public Safety. Do you remember the story of that arrest as M. Fleury tells it? It's worth repeating (although a little long), and here it is, translated by Theodore Hook:—

"The curtain rose, and we commenced. Never did our company perform with greater spirit and talent, never did Mademoiselle Lange personate Pamela with greater sensibility and grace. She evidently exerted her utmost efforts to please, and her enthusiasm excited mine, for my performance of my Lord Bonfil was honoured with unusual applause. Two or three allusions in the course of the piece occasionally disturbed the equanimity of my friend in the balcony, whom, in the excitement of the performance, I had almost forgotten. At last, in reply to something which Andrews says against persecution and intolerance, I could not resist the temptation of throwing the utmost possible effect into the observation of Lord Bonfil.

"All honest men are agreed on that point."
"No! no!" exclaimed the broad-shouldered gentleman, 'this is too bad!' and he looked at me as if he could have added, 'This is not to be endured, citizen Fleury.'

"Monsieur?" was the interpretation of the look I gave him in return; and as if this silent dialogue had been sufficiently well understood between us he continued:

"You are repeating passages of the play which have been cancelled and prohibited."

I fixed my eyes upon him and respectfully replied:
"I beg your pardon, monsieur, I am playing my part as it has been approved of by the Committee of Public Safety." Then, bowing to the audience, who seemed quite astounded with the scene, 'Are we to proceed, gentlemen?' said I, 'or is it your pleasure that the play should stop.'

"Go on! go on!" was the general cry; 'turn out the disturber.'

"You are favouring the moderates," howled the personage in the balcony, with furious gesticulation; 'the piece is counter-revolutionary!'

In an instant the whole audience rose with one accord, and joining in an indignant and irresistible shout of 'Turn him out!' drove the offender from the theatre. The play was then continued and brought to a conclusion in triumphant style.

We were all dressed for the second piece, when some friends arrived at the theatre to inform us that the person who had been expelled from the theatre had gone straight to the Jacobin Club, and denounced the Théâtre Français as a den of aristocrats, where public opinion was perverted by the performance of counter-revolutionary pieces.

"Fly!" said someone to Dazincourt, who was marked out not less particularly than myself.

"What think you, Fleury? Shall we be off?" said Dazincourt.

"By no means," rejoined I. 'Fly wheresoever we may, we shall be pursued. Let us stay where we are; this is our 10th of August.'

"No sooner had I uttered these words than it was announced to us that the military had surrounded the theatre."

"Draw up the curtain," said I.

In a few moments we were before the public, and the *Ecole des Bourgeois* commenced. I performed the Marquis de Moncade, but my thoughts anxiously wandered from my part to the danger that threatened me and my comrades. There were others, too, in whose safety I was not less deeply interested. Madame de Sainte-Amaranthe and her lovely daughter, Emilie, now Madame de Sartines, were seated in one of the stage-boxes on the lower tier. During an interval of bye-play, and unobserved by the rest of the audience, I said to them in an undertone:—

"The military are surrounding the theatre; make your escape."

"They did escape; but, alas! only for a time." Shortly afterwards the fatal axe was suspended over their heads.

The piece being ended, the performers bade each other farewell, for we all expected to be arrested on leaving the theatre; but in this expectation we were disappointed. On my return home I found my sister in tears. Madame Sainville was with her, and my daughter, then very young, was asleep. Madame

Sainville informed me that someone who called in the course of the evening had acquainted them with the unfortunate occurrence at the theatre. With the view of consoling my sister, I affected to treat the affair as less serious than I felt it to be, and I expressed a hope, which I was far from entertaining, that extreme measures would not be resorted to. I went to the room in which my daughter slept, and approaching her bed as softly as I could, to avoid disturbing her slumber, I imprinted on her cheek a farewell kiss. Felicité understood this, and threw herself into my arms in an agony of grief.

"My dear sister united in herself all the most cherished recollections of my past life. I conducted her to my apartment, and there we proceeded to burn some papers which, though insignificant at another time, might have proved dangerous then. There was one thing about which I was a little apprehensive. I had written with my own hand the genealogy which traced the descent of Charlotte Corday from the great Corneille. Of this document I had imprudently given away two copies, and it might thus possibly endanger heads more valuable than mine. But as any endeavour on my part to recover possession of them would have given rise to suspicion, I deemed it advisable to remain quietly at home. The Commune of Paris, acting on the representation of the Jacobin Club, issued an order for our arrest, which order was executed on the night of the 3rd of September. The Comédie Française, that realisation of the grand idea of Molière, was now no more."

"I was conducted to the prison of the Magdelonnettes, where I found assembled a good number of my comrades, who had already been placed under the safeguard of the liberal bolts and bars of the nation."

Such is the account of how the unfortunate French actors commenced their tedious term of imprisonment with the fear of death ever before them. But I cannot dwell upon their story, interesting and full of incident as it is. Fleury, for instance, tells how one of his fellow prisoners was playing Bricbrac with him, when he was rudely and abruptly summoned to the guillotine. He rose, saying calmly, "I am ready," and turning he saluted with placid dignity the actors who were present, adding, "Gentlemen, farewell; I thank you for your kind attentions. You have soothed the last moments of my existence," and so went forth to die his bloody death, as then so many hundreds did in just the same heroic way.

By-the-bye, talking of matters French, is it generally known that the doleful old air with its monotonous repetition of "We've got no work to do" is the tune of an ancient French hymn? It would be interesting if we could trace this old tune to its introduction into this country, and thence to its union with the woeful words for the public singing of which so many have of late gone to prison—and, as I greatly fear, many an honest working man, with a horror of parish relief, amongst them. A friend of mine—who is really a kindly man—denounces them all as rank imposters. Most folks suspect poor people. Alas! for the unfortunates who in the great lottery of life draw those thousands of dreary blanks which accompany each lucky number.

And talking of lotteries, do not the long rows of figures announcing prize-winners in the great French lottery day after day in the London newspapers, remind you of the last century when the Government of this country resorted to lottery schemes as a means of raising supplies, and when Fielding dared to write in his "ballad-farce," *The Lottery* (first played at Drury Lane Theatre in 1731)—

A lottery is a taxation
Upon all the fools in creation;
And Heaven be praised
It is easily raised—
Credulity's always in fashion.

Mr. D. E. Baker says this farce used to be regularly reproduced at the time of drawing "the state lotteries," when "the scene of the wheels, &c., in Guildhall gives," said he, "great pleasure to the nightly residents of the upper regions of the theatre."

Miss Mitford in her "Literary Recollections," by-the-bye, tells a good story of the old lottery days which is worth your reading, if you have not heard it, as you probably have, in which case you can readily skip it, you know. It runs as follows:—

Speaking of her father, she says: "In the intervals of his professional pursuits he walked about London with his little girl (herself) in hand; and one day—it was my birthday, and I was ten years old—he took me into a not very tempting-looking place, which was, as I speedily found, a lottery-office. An Irish lottery was upon the point of being drawn, and he desired me to choose one out of several bits of printed paper (I did not then know their significance) that lay upon the counter."

"Choose which number you like best," said my dear papa; 'and that shall be your birthday present.'

"I immediately selected one, and put it in his hand—No. 2,224."

"Ah," said my father, examining it, 'you must choose again. I want to buy a whole ticket, and this is only a quarter. Choose again, my pet.'

"No, dear papa; I like this one best."

"Here is the next number," interposed the lottery-office keeper—"No. 2,223."

"Aye," said my father, 'that will do just as well. Will it not, Mary? We'll take that.'

"No!" returned I, obstinately; 'that won't do. This is my birthday, and you know, papa, and I am ten years old. Cast up my number, and you'll find that makes ten. The other is only nine.'

"My father, superstitious like all speculators, struck with my pertinacity, and with the reason I gave, which he liked none the less because the ground of preference was tolerably unreasonable, resisted the attempt of the office-keeper to tempt me by different tickets, and we had nearly left the shop without a purchase, when the clerk, who had been examining different desks and drawers, said to his principal—

"I think, sir, the matter may be managed if the gentleman does not mind paying a few shillings more. That ticket, 2,224, only came yesterday, and we have still all the shares—one half, one-quarter, one-eighth, two-sixteenths. It will be just the same if the young lady is set upon it."

"The young lady was set upon it, and the shares were purchased. The whole affair was a secret between us, and my father, whenever he got me to himself, talked over our future twenty thousand pounds—just like Alnaschar over his basket of eggs. Meanwhile, time passed on, and one Sunday morning we were all preparing to go to church when a face I had forgotten, but my father had not, made his appearance. It was the clerk of the lottery-office. An express had just arrived from Dublin, announcing that No. 2,224 had been drawn a prize of twenty thousand pounds, and he had hastened to communicate the good news."

"Ah, me! In less than twenty years what was left of the produce of the ticket so strangely chosen? What, except a Wedgwood dinner-service that my father had had made to commemorate the event, with the Irish harp within the border on one side and his family crest on the other? That fragile and perishable ware long outlasted the more perishable money."

But it is time my gossiping wanderings out of the main road of current news into the bye-ways of literature came to a close. So no more at present from yours, &c., A. H. DOUBLEYEW.

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Weekly Times, Nov. 17, 1878.

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